THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 317 — NUMBER 4116

MAY 26, 1923

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DILEMMA OF SPAIN

It is a singular fact that, while Spain has always been looked upon as, and in many ways actually is, a country rooted in traditions of history, form, and custom, nevertheless in the questions which mostly agitate her to-day she possesses no guiding traditions. It is therefore difficult to point out the real significance of some event in Spanish politics, which in most other countries would be obvious, and still harder to prophesy its results.

A Spanish Cabinet must always be on the alert to meet an attack from any quarter, either economic, political, or social-religious. Hitherto Spanish Governments have been able to cope with revolutionary movements by means of energetic coercive measures, such as have repeatedly been taken in Catalonia; but when protests from the Conservative side of politics take a dangerously obstructive or an outright revolutionary form, their task is far more arduous. A Liberal Government especially, such as that of the Marquis de Alhucemas, finds itself between the devil of syndicalism and the several deep seas of reaction, separatism, and so forth; and it does not help matters that the Liberal Party itself is split up into half-a-dozen groups, each with different ideas and aims, while the other parties suffer from the same disunion. One radical failing in Spain, which it shares with Portugal, is that it is ruled by professional politicians, though they form an exceedingly small percentage of the population. For most Spaniards living outside of Madrid, Barcelona, and Bilbao, there is no such thing as politics; there is just the economic problem of making both ends meet and laying a trifle by for a rainy day.

It is significant that many observers mention the possibility that the next manifestation of popular agitation will take some form of Fascism. Meanwhile no Government seems to have the courage to bring the war in Morocco to a close. A writer in the *Nation* of April 21 becomes sarcastic on the subject of the Spanish army. He says:—

'It is Madrid, and the politics and politicians of Madrid, who impose upon the villages of Andalusia and of the real Spain conscription and a large army. At first sight the existence of this large army "is strange, because, you know," there is no one apparently for it to fight. Of all countries in Europe, Spain is the least open to attack by its neighbors, and has the smallest motives for attacking its neighbors. France has found for a cen-

Copyright 1923, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tury, and probably will find for one or two more, sufficient occupation for her troops on her eastern frontier, and not even a Spanish General can believe that Spain is in danger of invasion by Portugal. Spaniards sometimes talk bravely of invading Portugal, but the army is certainly not maintained for that purpose. So far as Europe is concerned, Spain could safely demobilize the whole of her army, abolish conscription, and entrust the maintenance of internal law and order to her excellent and decorative police force, the *Guardia Civil*.

'The only use of the Spanish army is to fight an unending war in Morocco, and to garrison the deserts of the Rio de Oro. Such are the purposes for which Madrid and modern civilization tax the peasant and conscript him. Two men from this Andalusian village have just returned, having completed their term of service. They spent it in a small fort in the Rio de Oro, a fort which was surrounded by desert and which they were never allowed to leave because the inhabitants would have attacked them. They were lucky, for they might have been sent to Morocco and have found their graves there with the thousands of other peasants who perished in the recent disaster.

'The whole of Spain — except a few politicians, the military Juntas, who are still the real rulers of Spain, and apparently the King — is opposed to the war in Morocco. There is nothing of any possible value for Spain to be got out of Morocco or the Rio de Oro, but the peasant is still taken for months or years from his fields to be slaughtered in the one or to be interned in a fort in the other. And the reason is simply this — that, although there are no politics in Spain, there are politics in Madrid.'

We note elsewhere the result of the general elections last month.

THE CHESTER CONCESSION

THE Chester concession, by which an American company acquires the right to construct several thousand miles of railway, harbor works, and even towns and cities in Turkey, and the protests this grant called forth from prior French and British claimants to the privilege of exploiting Turkey, have already been discussed in the American press. But some of our readers may be less familiar with the interesting reaction produced by these protests in Turkey itself. The Angora Government has steadfastly refused to recognize concessions and contracts made by the Sultan's Government before the war; and this refusal constitutes a point of controversy at the Lausanne Conference. When the Chester concession was granted, the French saw fit to lodge a formal protest against it through their Near Eastern representative, General Pelle. While the Turkish press had hitherto been critical or lukewarm toward the concession, the action of France immediately solidified public opinion in its favor. A prominent Constantinople daily, *Tevhed-i-Efktar*, commented: —

> No foreign Power must be permitted to interfere in our domestic affairs. . . . That explains why we now, after General Pelle's protest, vigorously endorse the Chester project, the hasty acceptance of which we have hitherto criticized; for, after the protest, the question ceases to be a domestic matter — it becomes an international issue.

✽

BRITISH AND FRENCH AIR DEFENSE

WHILE British naval experts, as well as those of other countries, are not yet willing to yield the battleship's place as the backbone of the navy either to the airplane or the submarine, the complacency of the average Britisher has no doubt been somewhat disturbed by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the present situation of the armed forces of Europe. It was disagreeable but inevitable that France should possess incomparably the most powerful army in the world, while that of Great Britain has been reduced to a skeleton; for after all the British navy still ruled the seas, so far at least as Europe was concerned. But now the British Air Minister, Colonel Sir Samuel Hoare, has caused the nation to sit up and rub its eyes in surprised anxiety by his report on the air-defense situation, which shows an alarming disparity between the combatant air-fleets of the two nations. The fact that France is an ally does not wholly reconcile the British to the unblinkable fact that she is supreme in the air.

Sir Samuel stated that at the end of the World War the British royal air-force was composed of 30,122 officers, 263,410 men, and 3300 service airplanes. To-day it is composed of 3071 officers, 27,499 airmen, and 371 first-line airplanes — that is, excluding reserve and training machines — a total personnel of 30,000 against nearly 300,000 at the end of the war. In the case of France, Sir Samuel stated that it would be misleading to make a comparison of personnel, as so large a part of it is provided in France from purely military personnel; and hence the only accurate comparison is one of machines.

When the Armistice was signed, France had 3600 service machines, while to-day she has approximately one third of that number, 1260. England to-day has only about one tenth of its war air-service. Not less than two thirds of the British service-machines are overseas, while three fourths of the French machines are in France. Of the 34 British service-squadrons, 18 are in Egypt, the Mediterranean, and the Near East, six in India, four allotted to naval work at home, and one to army work at home, leaving only five service-squadrons in Great Britain for home defense — one attack-squadron and four bombardment-squadrons. France now has 32 fighting squadrons and a like number of bombardment squadrons. The French air-programme for 1925 contemplates a total of 2180 service machines, while the British Government, even with the addition of the 15 additional regular squadrons recently authorized, will have but 575 service airplanes.

The Air Minister is quite as pessimistic in regard to the question of civil aviation. Subsidies are not likely to be granted; but a private company, with a capital of £1,000,000, is likely to be floated, the Government allocating a similar sum by way of grants over the ensuing ten years. Sir Samuel is of the opinion that it will be easier to develop an Imperial air-route to India and Australia by means of airships than by means of airplanes.

Sir Samuel Hoare's report and the resultant discussions in Parliament and in the British press have partly amused and partly irritated the French. The *Journal des Débats* remarks that England should not forget that France has no naval aviation at all, while England already possesses five cruiser-carriers completely equipped, as well as an imposing number of powerful aviation bases, advantageously distributed. 'Our allies need have no anxiety. We are proceeding carefully along the line of progress, but we have no slightest intention of exploiting against them our successes, while we shall cordially rejoice in theirs.'

❦

ITALIAN POLITICS

It has been the tactics of the Fascisti Party to assimilate and absorb the other parties and factions in Italy and to draft an overwhelming majority of the voters into a silent, disciplined, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obedient civic army. This policy has been wrecked by the vigorous resistance, not of the Communists and extreme Radicals, as might have been expected, but of the Popular or Catholic Party, led by Don Sturzo. It will be recalled that the Partito Popolare is an outgrowth of the war, and therefore a new organization with the vigor and aggressiveness that usually characterize youth. It has settled its own internal dissensions, which threatened at one time to split it into an extreme radical and a conservative faction, and is now under the control of its more moderate leaders. At the Turin Convention last April the Party adopted an autonomous programme that logically led to the resignation of its members in the Mussolini Cabinet, though not necessarily to the formation of a Clerical opposition to the present Government.

Meanwhile Mussolini is reorganizing his own forces. The Fascisti are receiving no new recruits, but are limiting their present membership, thus following the path taken by the Communists in Russia. Other changes in their constitution look to the enforcement of even stricter discipline than has hitherto been demanded of the members. The chiefs of Fascismo are forbidden to make, without Signor Mussolini's consent, written or verbal statements involving his Cabinet or the Party, thus reducing the rank and file to a 'militia of silent workmen.'

*

NAVAL GRUMBLINGS

DEFENDERS of navies point out that a navy is primarily a defensive, not an offensive, arm, which may be admitted as a general axiom. But, in spite of the Washington Conference, the nations of the world do not seem to be regarding each other with broad smiles. In fact, something like a look of anxiety, if not a frown, has flitted across the countenance of several Powers, and in a few instances has become a fixed expression. The Washington big-gun misunderstanding has not been entirely cleared up, though unlikely to have any untoward results. Great Britain's nervousness in regard to her alleged aviation vulnerability is referred to above. In South America there can be no doubt that the sending to Brazil of the American Naval Commission has resulted in serious anxiety on the part of several Powers. It is all very well to explain that, if the United States had refused Brazil's invitation, Great Britain would have accepted it, with the result that a very respectable amount of shipbuilding would have been done on the Tyne or at Belfast instead of in the United States. Unfortunately this explanation, while easily understood, does not allay the suspicion aroused by the increase in naval power of the potentially greatest South American nation.

The *Japan Advertiser*, in its issue of April 15, records the strange fact that, although the flagship of the American Pacific Fleet, with Admiral Anderson on board, had been in the near-by port of Yokohama for over a week, exchanging courtesies and entertainments with the authorities and the inhabitants, the Japanese press 'had seen fit to ignore alike the presence of a distinguished visitor and the friendship for Japan that prompted his visit,' no mention of it or of Admiral Anderson having been made. The *Advertiser* stamps this as 'a conspiracy of silence,' and fears for the consequences to Japanese-American friendship.

Another and less serious episode was the debate in the British House of Commons concerning the completion of the naval base at Singapore, the opposition speakers fearing that the strengthening of the Singapore fortifications would be regarded as a flouting of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Conference. However, the vote on the motion stood 253 to 94, showing little support for the theory that the spirit of the naval treaty was violated. It was, as a matter of fact, quite understood by both Americans and Japanese at Washington that Singapore was included in the reference: 'except those localities adjacent to the coast of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia and its territories, and New Zealand.' Commander Bellairs, reputed as an expert, seemed to please the House when he declared that, in the event of an unfortunate difference with Japan, a Singapore naval base would be invaluable, and that, if the United States were called upon to defend the Philippines, Singapore might be useful to that country.

*

AUSTRIAN MONARCHISTS

On the anniversary of the death of the ex-Emperor Charles, a few hundred Austrians had enough of the courage of their convictions to attend masses celebrated in many of the great churches of Vienna and the provinces. The Austrian Monarchists are both Legitimists and Carlists; that is, they insist upon the continued legality of the Pragmatic Sanction and recognize the ex-Emperor's eldest son as their Kaiser. But they vary greatly among themselves in regard to the best means of restoring the monarchy.

One group, with the grandiloquent name of State Party, is led by a somewhat childlike Oberleutnant by the name of Hoynigg, who carries on an export and import business in the morning and spends his afternoons 'manifesting' and raising money for the publication of his paper, *Die Monarchie*. It is reported that, upon gathering his loyal followers about him, he was able to count sixty heads. But, by dint of making a great deal of noise, Hoynigg has attracted more attention than the more serious Imperial groups — one of which, called the Black-Yellow Legitimists, is said to have boasted at one time of nearly 40,000 followers. This organization has its own organ, *Die Staatswehr*, and is led by a former colonel called Wolff, who is not too proud to accept a pension from the present Government, and who, by his grotesque assumption of a kind of Hapsburg dictatorship, has disgruntled a large number of the Black-Yellow partisans.

The only Monarchists in Austria who are taken at all seriously belong to the third group, the Austrian Monarchist Party, which counts among its members former ministers, diplomats, officers, and functionaries, as well as many students, and naturally numerous persons of all classes who are out of jobs. Altogether there may be some 200,000 of this faction, whose leaders are the former diplomat, Wense, and a former chief-of-bureau Schager, who bears the very recently created title of Baron von Eckartsau — both of them clever politicians who reckon with conditions and facts as well as theories. They apotheosize the monarchy, detest the revolution, and embarrass the Republic in every possible way. Their one hope is the economic breakdown of Austria, and they affect to despise the excellent constructive work of Seipel and his colleagues. To the Monarchist Party belong such men as Hussarek, Seidler, Count Clam-Martinic, Homman, Engel, Schwartzenau, Bonhans, the former diplomats Count Czernin, Prince Fürstenberg, Wiesner, Forgach, and Flotow, as well as many aristocrats, such as Generals Conrad von Hötzendorff, Auffenberg, Kövess, and Arz.

In order not to offend the powerful anti-Semitic Swastika organization, the party calls itself Christian-National,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sounds the Pan-German trumpet loudly. It is worthy of notice that General von Ludendorff found a hearty welcome among the Monarchists, on the occasion of his late visit to Vienna, and that he reciprocated cordially the sentiments expressed, which should arouse no surprise, since the restoration of the Hohenzollerns will meet with no opposition from this quarter.

The Monarchists are well supplied with money, and have announced their entrance into the arena of practical politics. They hope to win several seats in the Assembly, though only one, the Croatian Burgenland mandate, seems certain now.

On Easter Sunday the Monarchists massed in the Karlskirche to hear the requiem mass, and afterward gathered on the steps of the church and sang the old Hapsburg national hymn, *Gott erhalte!* But nobody seemed to pay much attention to the scene. A policeman grumbled; that was all. The Monarchists do not seem as yet to threaten the safety of the Republic.

*

SPANISH ELECTIONS

THE general elections in Spain, held the last Sunday in April, resulted in a victory for the Government. Inasmuch, however, as the Government always wins in a parliamentary election, the result indicates little as to the real public opinion of the country. Consequently the attention of the press is concentrated upon the outcome in Madrid and Barcelona, the two principal urban centres where the true voice of the voter is supposed to be heard. In Madrid the Socialists won a decided victory, as much to their own surprise as that of their rivals. In Barcelona the 'Regionalists,' or Catalonian secessionists, swept the polls.

The Madrid results do not signify that the majority of the voters are Socialists, since Liberals of all complexions were inclined to vote for that party as a rebuke to the Government. The outcome in Barcelona was of course a foregone conclusion. So far as can be gathered from the comment of the press, which is itself in a conjectural frame of mind, the results suggest that the monarchists and the professional politicians are losing their hold upon the people.

*

MINOR NOTES

ONE hundred and thirty-five thousand people would tax the capacity of any stadium in America, but at the final match in the Wembley Stadium near London for the 'soccer' football championship of Britain, which was won by the Lancashire Bolton Wanderers over West Ham, no fewer than 135,000 to 150,000 spectators were crowded into the building. Unfortunately some 20,000 more desperate persons who were refused admission actually stormed the stadium, and, pouring down in a mass over and through the seated spectators, not only prevented the starting of the game, but caused numerous and serious injuries. A squad of mounted police had to be called to clear the field.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME FASCIST DOCTRINES

BY JOSEPH GALTIER

[This interview was given during Signor Mussolini's first visit to his native Romagna after an absence of ten years. 'Viva Benito!' 'Such is our Benito!' cried the Romagnoli, who were the first witnesses of his early career as a propagandist of Socialism, but who acclaimed him with great enthusiasm as the leader of the Fascisti.]

From *Le Temps, April* 19
(PARIS SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

WHILE he was in Milan, Signor Mussolini lived at his home in the city, but he would come to the municipal buildings where the personnel of his Cabinet was housed, to hurry up business and receive news. That was where I saw him. When a civilian — no doubt a policeman in plain clothes — opened the door for me I found myself in a large and well-lighted room, with a large table in the middle, surrounded by several chairs. Sitting behind this table a man was dictating a dispatch to Baron Russo, chief of the Cabinet. It was Signor Mussolini.

Without glancing up he finished the sentence he had begun, and then, turning toward me with a rather abrupt gesture which was more imperative than polished, he pointed to a chair opposite him and said, 'Please sit down there'; and went on dictating his dispatch. It was the order for the meeting of the Ministers at Rome on Tuesday, the seventeenth, to discuss the attitude of the *Partito Popolare* after the speech of Don Sturzo at Turin.

I had plenty of time to watch Signor Mussolini. I had before me one of those Roman heads that seem made to be stamped on medals: a powerful head, the face smooth-shaven, an energetic profile made still more vigorous by a powerful lower jaw and a chin that betokens strong will-power — the head of a tribune, the head of a condottiere, with the expression of stubborn boldness of a Colleoni. What especially impressed me were the black eyes, large, bright, magnetic, as if charged by some internal dynamo, sending out glances that have an animating effect on anyone who talks with him or hears him. There was something impressive about his forehead: broad, high, and bald above, it did not go up to a peak but made a kind of glacis, sloping a little, an incline down which ideas formed beneath the arch of the skull could slip toward the mouth in the form of orders — one of those foreheads indicating that their owners do not conceal their ideas.

Signor Mussolini is young, and he looks young. He has not yet passed forty. Dressed in black, soberly but without negligence, with a black cravat and a collar with rounded wings, he wore two enameled insignia on the lapel of his coat.

This man, whose part in public life stirred in my imagination the whole decorative past of Italian courts and cities, with his simplicity vividly suggests modern democracy. He recalls the time of bloody rivalries, of various factional struggles in the Middle Ages. From the soil of Italy an aggressive race has always sprung, hard and piti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less in repressions and reprisals. It has divided itself into two camps, and above their furious struggles rise the men and leaders who, in order to dominate in cities or provinces, have troubled little about legitimacy. They made themselves by the strength of their souls or the strength of their arms: *concilio et manu*. Nature seems to have formed them for command.

Those condottieri had extraordinary power and ascendancy over their troops. Did not one of them continue to hold the command even after his death, while people waited for a successor? The word of command came out of a flag-draped tent in which the embalmed body of the famous chief was kept. Recall the history of the Sforza family, and especially that of Francesco Sforza, who succeeded in gaining the Duchy of Milan. Yes, the Italian soil has always excelled in producing hostile brothers. It is a restricted field admirably adapted to civil wars.

A young writer, inspired by the Fascisti, has sought to show that civil wars are the most disinterested and the noblest of all wars, for they are not directed toward conquest or annexation. In them the fighter struggles for ideas or for an ideal that he is determined to attain, cost what it may. We Frenchmen, too, know wars like that. We have them in our blood; but it is not true to say that they are fought in a disinterested way. Moral triumph, the act of imposing your own idea and your own will, is worth more than the greatest conquests and the most precious spoil.

'Well, monsieur, what interesting news have you for me?' It was Signor Mussolini who — his work finished — was addressing me.

'*Ma foi, Excellence*, I have come not to talk to you but to listen while you talk to me; but since you put the question to me, I will venture to ask whether the great array of military force that is now maintaining order does not indicate that you are making a display of your strength, in order not to be compelled to use it to put down a rising? Do you feel yourself master of the situation?'

'Too much so. I often find myself obliged to calm the enthusiasm of my supporters and to restrain them; but I go straight ahead in the road I have laid out. The people are following me. They are with me. You have seen the streets' — and Signor Mussolini made a gesture with his two arms stretched out toward the windows which opened over the Via Manzoni. 'Look! Just this morning there was an interesting article in *Avanti*, called "The Crowd," which shows which way the wind is blowing. That is an admission that has a value of its own.'

What did this article say? I read it afterward. The Socialist newspaper declared at the outset that it would do no good to conceal or try to avoid the truth: 'Thousands and thousands of men have acclaimed the King and his Prime Minister. Is this "human torrent" really Royalist or Fascist? Certainly not. But it is no longer hostile either to Royalty or to Fascism. For a while we had them on our side. Now they have abandoned us. We did not understand them, though we counted too much upon them. We gave them credit for a character that they did not have. We mistook for political maturity — we who were immature — what was nothing but egoism, exasperation, unsatisfied desires, and rancor bursting forth. We have fallen from power and they have left us. Now they have pinned their new hopes to the persons of our enemies. These others — whom we did not understand and who were hatching their own eggs in our nest — did under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand the people, and they have profited by it.'

This allusion to Mussolini, who was himself once a Socialist, is clear enough. Then the paper went on: 'Will these people attain their purpose? We do not believe it.' After reading *Avanti* I understood why Signor Mussolini attributes a certain amount of importance to this article, which he called to my attention through one of his assistants.

As for the street and the crowd, I told the Prime Minister that his directions and his measures for public order were a reaction to the Draconian code of the ancients, and I described a misadventure of my own. It was impossible for me to get through a cordon of police to go to La Scala, in spite of my paper. Signor Mussolini began to laugh.

'You had better tell that to — ' he said; and just then Baron Russo, the leader of his Cabinet, came in. Signor Mussolini turned to him. 'Here 's another gentleman who could not get through,' he said; and then, speaking to me, he went on: 'You were not the only one. Some Italian deputies also could not get through the barrage.'

Then we turned to subjects of more general interest and significance. The affair at Milan is merely an incident. Signor Mussolini discussed his work and Fascism. I shall not reproduce his words exactly, and so I shall not put them into his mouth at all, for fear of misrepresenting his own way of expressing himself; but I shall give their sense exactly and faithfully, merely emphasizing and picking out words that are especially exact or picturesque.

Signor Mussolini says that the goal pursued and already partly attained is pacification and unification. The national parties have come to an end and have fused in Fascism. No longer are there shirts of various colors — there are only Black Shirts. This work of unification appears, for example, in the judicial reform that was recently voted. Judicial Italy was split up by local and regional barriers. There was one court of cassation at Turin, another at Naples. Crispi tried to undertake judicial reform. The new party has been more successful. It believed that the place for the only court of cassation is at Rome, the 'foreordained capital' of Italy. It means to pursue its work of unification by bringing the command-posts of the machine of state to the same seat of government.

One does not understand Fascism properly until one has it oriented as regards the place and moment of its entrance into history. For a long time Italy had been no more than a conglomeration, a huddled heap of petty States. At that time there was no Italian people: that is to say, there was no people with a feeling of common nationality. That idea was born and grew during the Wars of Independence. The Italian people had still other steps to climb before becoming a nation, and before they could transform themselves from a mere nation into a State. It was the Great War that enabled them to take these steps. This brought about the unification of Italy. It brought this feeling both in politics and in law.

'Fascism is the result of this course of historic evolution; but it is nothing but a beginning. We have not yet had time to "systematize" our doctrine. We must go on with the fight.'

In the middle of its work the new party could not examine and adjust among themselves the doctrines and programmes of the other parties that had hitherto disputed for power. In order to bring about a mingling of them all and a compromise, it sought to avoid bargaining and political hig-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gling. It did not wish to adopt the 'ideological swagger' of the old parties. It moved straight forward to realities. It thought then and it thinks more than ever to-day that Liberalism is the destruction of peoples. Its hesitations and compromises lead to half-measures, which bring about stagnation and death. The prime interest is to live. Italy wills to live. Italy must live. That is why she has thrown herself into the arms of the Fascisti. It was with regard to this that one of Signor Mussolini's lieutenants said: —

'Look what has happened in England. Liberalism badly understood has condemned her to paralysis — to marking time in one place. In Mr. Bonar Law we recognize not merely failure of the voice, but failure of ideas and failure of the will. Politically speaking, England is in a very bad way. And then,' added this Fascist enthusiast, 'don't let them keep harping on "liberty" and "violated liberty." Liberty is a luxury. It is all very well for a rich people who are at peace and have finished their course of development, who have got rid of the difficulties of material life and political care; but to-day, amid the struggles and confusion that have followed the war, when organization and daily bread are matters of life and death, what is liberty good for? Liberty to do what? Men would rather obey than command, anyhow. They would rather rely on the vigilance of their leader.'

I do not know whether Signor Mussolini thinks exactly as his lieutenant. What he does say is that, though his followers have not had time to work out a doctrine, Fascism nevertheless has a doctrine. It has one, for example, where the State is concerned. It is not in favor of state monopoly, it is not in favor of state control.

As for the relations between France and Italy, Signor Mussolini declares that to-day they are getting better. Things have traveled a good way during the last two years, since the occurrences at Venice and Milan. There has been some good work, economically speaking. The recent agreements promise to bear fruit. Italy must continue along this road. Will it lead to a political understanding with France? Economic and political considerations may now serve as bases for the work of rapprochement. Naturally there is a degree of interference between the two orders. There are points where they clash and interfere with one another. These points of opposition must be adjusted and set right. Thus one comes to see what degree of political solidarity our two countries can attain.

But, above all, we must never forget that peoples are not linked together by racial ties, by resemblances, nor even by blood relationship. All this is material for couplets about sister nations and academic speechifying at the Sorbonne or at the Capitol. Racial resemblances mainly influence men of the same culture — the chosen few. No, what brings peoples together and unites them is a solid network of common interests, common and tangible profits. These are the realities that bring themselves home to thousands of men — the workers, who are the strength and the population of a country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUMANIA AND HER PROBLEMS

BY AUGUSTE GAUVAIN

[*The writer is foreign editor of the* Journal des Débats.]

From *Journal des Débats, April* 8
(PARIS QUASI-OFFICIAL CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

SINCE national unity was accomplished, the Rumanian Government has not succeeded in formally establishing itself. The World War surprised the kingdom at the moment when a constitutional assembly was being called together to modify certain provisions that were recognized by the several parties as out-of-date. It was when the external crisis was at its worst, in 1917, that the Parliament passed the great agricultural-reform law in the improvised capital at Jassy, a measure that previous Governments had put off indefinitely. Patched up at a moment when it was of primary importance to maintain the morale of an army composed largely of peasants, the law was ill-balanced and after the victory was applied in a somewhat arbitrary manner by ministries that were inconsistent even among themselves.

Various parties in the new provinces of Transylvania and Bessarabia did not mix well with the old Rumanian parties which had been seriously upset by the war. Two years ago, when the King gave orders to M. Take Jonescu to form a transition cabinet, which was to hold general elections and call a constitutional convention under normal conditions, the Chamber and the parties did not understand their duty. Instead of assisting the King and his Prime Minister in the accomplishment of a task which was at best extremely delicate and of vital importance to their country, the various parties gave way to their political animosities and left M. Take Jonescu with nothing but a minority to support him, although he was the only man capable of directing the enterprise aright.

The results of these evil deeds are still heavily felt throughout Rumanian politics. Finding it impossible to form a coalition cabinet, King Ferdinand called to power M. Jean Bratiano, the chief of the Liberal Party, who, though he had a very small number of followers in Parliament, had controlled the strongest political machine in the kingdom before the war. M. Bratiano thought that he must carry the elections with a high hand, higher even than in the old days. He held it absolutely essential to secure a homogeneous majority capable of making sure that the Government went on running.

Unfortunately he failed to gain the support of the Transylvanians, who were on the side of M. Jonescu; and with them in opposition it is impossible to govern Rumania, for fear of placing the whole organization of the nation in danger. The Transylvanians retorted by refusing to participate in the crowning of the sovereigns at Alba Julia that summer — a ceremony intended to mark the union of all Rumanian hearts.

The new Chamber, qualified as a Constitutional Assembly, had a clear Liberal majority, but from the very beginning its functions were questioned. After having stayed away for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a long time, the deputies of the Opposition consented to attend the sittings when consideration of the constitution was on the order of the day. Their protests degenerated into mere obstruction. Distressing disturbances arose among the deputies themselves. The officers of the Chamber and a commission which was called an 'Arbitration Commission,' making use of its disciplinary powers, announced the exclusion of most of the members of the Opposition in batches of eight to ten, from day to day. It was under these conditions that the new constitution was voted with the same unanimity by the Chamber of Deputies as by the Senate. The promulgation of the constitution took place a few days later by means of a royal message in which the sovereign — without taking an oath in any special ceremony — promised to respect the new constitution as he had respected the old one.

On the platform, in the press, and in the street, the deputies of the Opposition raised their categorical protests against the validity of a constitution thus promulgated. The movement reached such proportions that Bucharest had to be put in a state of siege to keep order. There were some tragi-comic incidents, but fortunately no blood was spilled. To-day the Parliament is adjourned, but the street manifestations continue.

It is an old and regrettable Rumanian custom for political parties who wish to take office to organize noisy processions in front of the Royal Palace and through the chief streets of the capital, when they think a ministry has lasted long enough. Under the former King Carol, campaigns designed to bring about the downfall of a cabinet were all managed in this way. This is explained by the fact that the cabinet which holds office can control the elections, and any appeal to the nation would have been in vain if the cabinet had presided over them. It is to be hoped that these evil customs will die out in Greater Rumania. Now, at their height, they offer a spectacle that others will not fail to exploit.

We shall not discuss, article by article, the new constitution, which as a whole reproduces the old one. The Opposition finds fault with it especially because it puts the economic strength of the country in the hands of the Liberal Party, which already holds the chief instrument of influence. The Liberals reply that it is their desire to preserve the national riches, chiefly those of the subsoil, and to prevent their absorption by foreigners. Probably they carry this fear a little too far. Rumania possesses immense unexploited natural riches. Her foreign debt is relatively slight, her budget balances, and yet her exchange rates are absurdly low. A coalition of interests, not all of them respectable, is directed against the *lei*, with the object of forcing the Rumanian Government into surrender. We fear lest the constitutional vote, by tying up the Government, may not help very much in cleaning up the financial situation. All Europe is in a period of evolution that requires transition measures.

The solution of the Rumanian difficulties seems to lie in the coöperation of the various parts of the Government. No doubt unity of command is desirable everywhere, yet it must not be sacrificed to the vital elements of the country. It is understood that the Bratiano Cabinet will defend itself energetically against those movements in which one detects the hand of the *Orgesch* — a German organization — as well as against certain Magyar organizations; but it would be unwise to unite against itself all the peasants who are not Liberals. National interest is above party strife.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLIED POLITICS SINCE THE ARMISTICE. II

BY JACQUES LUX

From *La Grande Revue, March*
(Paris Liberal Literary Monthly)

The Economic Consequences

We have now to consider whether, in the field of economics, the peace-policy of the Allies — that is, of France and Great Britain — has had satisfactory results, and has contributed to the reëstablishment of prosperity in old Europe. Let us do this without taking sides, but with entire frankness, leaving out of the account the interminable conferences, congresses, and reunions of every kind which for four long years have resulted in a vast economic chaos.

To those who are disposed to chide us for accusing the several French Governments that have succeeded each other since the Armistice of having kept the problem of Reparations upon a too narrowly political basis, we recommend the perusal of an article in *L'Écho National* by M. Clemenceau, on the occasion of his unofficial visit to the United States. It will be seen clearly enough that economic considerations played but a small rôle in the plans of the French negotiators.

Nothing could throw into such bold relief the economic distress of the ancient continent in general, and Central and Eastern Europe in particular, as the disorganized state of exchange, which, contrary to the opinion of many people, is not the cause but the effect of the economic crisis from which we suffer. When we realize that the money unit of Germany, the greatest economic power of Europe proper, which before the war held the same rank in the markets of the world as the pound sterling, now is worth but one two-thousandth part of the pound; when we see that the nation which was justly considered as the banker of Europe has lost three quarters of its purchasing power — we can in some degree measure the immensity of the disaster which has overwhelmed us, and which will infallibly lead to a final cataclysm unless efficacious preventives are speedily found.

The Causes of the Economic Crisis

Very evidently the prime cause of the economic distress in most continental countries was the war itself. Besides the annihilation of the wealth that had been accumulating for more than a century, it destroyed or rendered practically useless tens of millions of men in the full vigor of their activity, thus affecting production in an enormous degree. The situation to-day, though few have recognized it, is the consequence of the disorganization in raw materials and food. But instead of going to work to remedy this, nearly every European nation has proceeded to aggravate it with all sorts of hampering customs and fiscal measures. The Allies themselves, under the influence of traditional protectionism, a heritage from Colbert's mercantile system, have distinguished themselves in this unwise policy.

Instead of reëstablishing order everywhere and especially the resuming of production after four long years of destruction or useless production — war material and so on — they have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increased financial disorder, aggravated industrial disorganization, and hemmed in exchange by Chinese walls along the customhouse frontiers of the nations — all of which has ended in tripling, or even quintupling, the cost of living.

The most baleful example of this method has been the isolation of Russia, a country of more than one hundred and twenty million inhabitants, which, before the war, furnished Europe with more than two billion francs' worth of raw materials, and which exported in 1913 raw materials to the value of over seven billions of francs. It is evident that European industry has thus been deprived of a vast storehouse of raw materials and food products, to which, with a wiser and more practical system of diplomacy, Europe might have been helping herself with both hands.

If the war was the primary cause of the present situation, the Treaty of Versailles was the next — a malformed child which its godfathers have one after the other disowned, and which has been and is bound to remain an obstacle to the regulation of the problem of Reparations. As we have already said, the great mistake of the three dictators of the Treaty was in not fixing the amount of the debt owed by Germany.

It may be objected that an exact estimate of the damage done by the enemy could not be determined in so short a time. This might have some weight if an exact technical estimate had ever been furnished, but this, as we know, was not done. And it was a fatal error to force the debtor to sign a blank check, reserving to ourselves the right to add later the sum the enemy must pay, according to our own conclusions. This was certainly the very best way to ensure the dishonoring of the check.

It was a matter of the most elementary justice to demand of Germany full reparation for damage done the Allies, particularly in France and Belgium; but it would have been justice as well as common sense to allow her the possession of the means to make this reparation. And this is what the Allies refused to do.

The Crisis of Production

At the bottom of our economic trouble lies insufficient production of raw materials and food. The most important food-product is wheat, the chief staple of most civilized nations. In 1913, Europe, without Russia, produced 348,000,000 quintals (the metric quintal is about 220 pounds avoirdupois), while the harvest of 1921 was 275,000,000 quintals, and that of 1922 only 225,000,000. The production of other cereals has fallen in like alarming proportion. Sugar tells the same story.

In the industrial field the situation is no less acute. The best indication of this is coal, the world production of which in 1913 was 1,125,000,000 tons, of which the continent received 555,000,000; in 1921 it was 886,000,000 tons, 320,000,000 of which were consumed by Europe. 1922 showed an improvement, though without attaining pre-war proportions.

The figures in regard to iron and other minerals, as well as foundries and melting-plants, show that metallurgic production has fallen from sixty-two per cent in Europe in 1913 to forty-eight per cent in 1921.

Nor has transportation escaped its share of misery, both by land and water. For example, our ports show a fall in traffic from 38,000,000 tons in 1913 to 25,000,000 in 1921. Of ninety docks in our shipping yards, only forty were used in 1922.

The Financial Situation

Economic distress has naturally been accompanied by a financial crisis unprecedented in history, which has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seriously affected all the nations that took part in the war except the United States, whose dollar forces its stern and pitiless law on the exchange marts of the world, and Great Britain, whose pound sterling — thanks to her heroic financiers, worthy successors of Cobden and Ricardo — has all but recovered its pre-war value.

It is, for obvious reasons, of little use to analyze the status of such countries as Russia, Poland, Germany, or Austria, where conditions are as yet too chaotic.

The debt of France, according to the Senate budget, amounts to 475,000,000,000 francs, — not reckoning the recent depreciation, — from which we may deduct assets of 139,000,000,000, a large part of which, 124,000,000,000, are supposed to be paid as Reparations by Germany, and 15,000,000,000 from our Allies except Great Britain, the recovery of which has become rather problematic. The state of our treasury department is very critical. M. Bérenger estimates the budget deficit for 1922–23 at something like 66,000,000,000 francs. A rise in the price of raw materials and food products is already indicated.

In Italy the situation is no better. The public debt amounted to some 115,000,000,000 or 120,000,000,000 lire, but in this estimate the lira is reckoned at par, which means that Italy's debt is actually much larger than the above sum.

Remedies Calculated to Restore Peace and Economic Activity in Europe

After diagnosing the malady it becomes us now to designate the remedy, of which the curative serum, in the present case, must be particularly active. This remedy must of course be both economic and political, the latter holding the former in check. Therefore we seek this remedy primarily in politics.

1. The Great Powers must renounce, in the interest of peace and also in their own interests, every idea of imperialism or hegemony.

2. This political change amounts to the postulate of a general disarmament, under the ægis of a real 'League of Nations,' each nation to retain an armed force only strong enough to ensure its domestic tranquillity. An Utopia? And how about reconciling the many delicate questions which the war created, especially among the smaller nations, where the presence of strong armies had been necessary? Our answer is that it has been precisely these large armaments of the minor nations, encouraged by the Great Powers, which have been the cause of all the difficulties and prevented the arrangement of disputes by pacific means.

3. The question of racial and national minorities needs a solution different from that provided by the peace treaties, which in many cases apportioned racial groups against their will to nations not of their blood. These must be allowed to decide their own destiny, according to the well-known Allied canon: the right of peoples to rule themselves. Upon this really depends the peace of the world.

4. The freedom of the seas for all nations dependent upon overseas commerce must be guaranteed. It is an intolerable situation that merchant fleets are at the mercy of this or that naval power. The ocean must be free to every nation without exception, provided that, in case of a war between two or more nations, the others observe the laws of neutrality. Beyond this no further restriction is necessary.

Now, it is foolish to believe that the Great Powers will spontaneously give heed to such ideas, legitimate as they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be. The question therefore arises: which one will take the initiative? It is asking a good deal of heroism of those who have already declared certain political aims. Besides, it is difficult to bring diplomats to acknowledge their own errors, especially when they have been so serious. Again, the eyes of the world have turned hopefully toward a new organization with a sweet and sonorous name, the 'League of Nations,' from which it expected peace and happiness, but which has proved to be, alas! but a pale star in a darksome heaven. It could not be otherwise, considering its origin. The invention of politicians and diplomats, it is but a tool in the hands of the Powers, who make sunshine or rain — mostly rain! — on earth at their sweet will. If the League is to be of any use at all, it must be rendered independent of Governments and its members must be elected directly by the several peoples.

And now to determine the remedies that suggest themselves in the field of economics.

1. First of all comes the stabilization of finances, without doubt a very delicate and complex task, into the intricacies of which it is not necessary to enter here, but which, taking for granted the good-will of the interested nations, should soon be crowned with success. The means would include the standardization of monetary units; reëstablishing the equilibrium of the budget by the reduction of expenses, especially military ones; deflation; funding of national debts; suppression of loans and bond-issues for military and treasury purposes; and raising the budgets by taxes alone.

If these means do not, contrary to our opinion, prove sufficient to reëstablish financial stability, then recourse must be had to major operations such as conversion and the annulling of debts and war-loans.

2. We attach hardly less importance to a general reform of obtaining customs systems, which may be compared without exaggeration to Penelope's web. Hardly has one tariff been put in practice before another is proposed. When one reflects that a tariff affects thousands of articles, it seems marvelous that there can be any exchange of commodities at all between the nations. Protectionism also has been grossly abused, and should be radically limited. It would of course be a brutal measure to introduce free trade in Europe overnight; one must not forget the abnormal state of the ravaged portions of France and Belgium, or the new nations, whose economic stability is not yet established. But it is quite possible to begin at once to reduce duties very considerably in all countries having protective tariffs. To preserve the present wicked and demoralizing state of affairs simply means the perpetuation of the economic crisis.

3. These two great reforms, which form a *sine qua non* of European economic reëstablishment, can be realized only by a successful solution of the problem of Reparations.

Reparations

This problem, tough enough in itself, has become still more complicated by the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, about which we shall say a few words at the end of this paper.

We have already expressed the opinion that the financial abyss into which Germany fell made it impossible for her to fulfill completely the Reparations conditions. Germans in general, and particularly those Germans whom we term industrial magnates, have been accused of the systematic sabotage of the mark. They are also declared to have large sums, in the form of international bonds, stowed safely away in foreign banks. This last charge is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partly true, though it is impossible to estimate the exact size of this financial anchor to windward. And if the Germans have inundated the world with paper marks, they have been able to do this only with the selfish assistance of foreign speculators, — and they are legion, — including many French.

Although the situation in which Germany now finds herself is no longer the same as at the time of the signing of the Armistice, nevertheless, since the Reparations pledge must be fulfilled, her situation must be improved by a series of measures which we state here only in general terms, although each one really deserves a long and profound analysis.

1. A moratorium for the period of two years, which should be sufficient for the recovery and stabilization of the mark by means of a foreign loan, guaranteed by cash reserves or by the Reichsbank or by state property such as mines, forests, railways, and other public enterprises, reënforced by private business. The control of this measure should be in the hands of the guarantors themselves. Foreign control of like measures has been proved an expensive failure.

2. Continued and intensified production of coal, chemicals, dyes, construction materials for the devastated regions, and so forth.

3. A new fixation of the German debt, the amount of which shall be used exclusively for the reparation of the devastated regions of France and Belgium, the sum fixed to depend upon the capability of Germany to pay.

4. Annulment, pure and simple, of Interallied debts, with a view to recompensing France and Belgium for the reduction of Germany's payment to them.

5. The decreasing, if not suppressing, of the expenses of the occupation by the withdrawal of a large proportion of the Allied troops and officials from Germany, the cost of which has hitherto eaten up the amount of the sums received from Germany. To-day it stands proved that Allied occupation has done little or nothing toward the solution of the problem of Reparations. The Ruhr is an added proof.

The Ruhr

The occupation of the Ruhr took place after the failure of the conference held at Paris last January, in which two views of the moratorium to be offered Germany were found to be irreconcilable. The French proposed a moratorium with the payment of a certain cash sum and an amount of natural products, accompanied by guaranties of payment and penalties (sanctions) in case of nonpayment. The British proposed to exempt Germany for four years from cash payments, and to require only deliveries of natural products; but they opposed the guaranties proposed by the French and did not contemplate any penalties except in case Germany failed to take the requisite measures for the stabilization of the mark and the reform of her budget, or in case of the nonpayment of the new debentures. The speeches of Bonar Law and of Poincaré are still fresh in our memory; but it is difficult for the man in the street to grasp clearly the motives of the occupation. As a matter of fact the question of coal — or rather coke — was, in our opinion, the true cause of the occupation of the Ruhr.

By the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine France became the proprietor of the richest mineral-fields on the continent, if not in the whole world, while, at the same time, she remained proportionately poor in coal — that is, in coke, a substance as absolutely essential as minerals for the manufacture of cast iron and steel. But coke is produced in abundance in the Ruhr, which fur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nishes more than eighty per cent of all the coal in Germany, the visible and probable deposits in the Ruhr amounting to hundreds of billions of tons. This treasure is the modern 'Rheingold,' which gives the partition of the world to its possessors, and which the German industrial barons, the modern Alberichs, eluding the vigilance of Cerberus, have ravished in order to forge their colossal undertakings.

Here we have France, then, poor in coke because her coal makes inferior coke. And without this prime necessity the development of our metallurgy will not be commensurate with our mineral production. Moreover, it is a particularly vital question for the iron works of Lorraine, in view of the mediocre results obtained by experiments in coking the coal of the Saar district; not considering the fact that the Saar must be returned to German sovereignty in ten years, in case the prospective referendum turns out against us.

Hence the absolute necessity of an understanding with the industrial chiefs of the Ruhr, which can the more easily be brought about since German metallurgy is in need of minerals in consequence of the loss of the Lorraine-Luxemburg basin. In fact, German industry itself has realized the necessity of such a plan. One recalls that M. Loucheur — whose inspiration this was — carried on, ever since the Armistice, pourparlers with the German industrials with a view to securing coke for the blast furnaces of Lorraine at a reasonable price.

It is a pity that no permanent arrangement has been arrived at, the more so that, lately, important agreements have been signed, notably by M. Loucheur, M. de Lubersac, and others. We are reminded, for example, that the Chamber of Deputies itself recently confirmed the contract with the Badische Anilin und Sodafabrik of Ludwigshafen.

It would be premature at present to estimate the results of the Ruhr occupation. The only thing that is certain to-day is that it has rather harmed than helped us. Besides the great running-expenses which it causes, it has had the effect of almost stopping the delivery of coke to the blast furnaces of Lorraine and the eastern district, many of which have thus been put out of business, to the great benefit of the British.

The question arises: is the game worth the candle? If we had only the great industrials against us, perhaps we might succeed, but the working-classes are also ranged against us, and as long as this is the case, our efforts are bound to be in vain.

We can see but one way to put an end to the unfortunate situation. It consists in reopening discussions with the German Government, which, realizing the disastrous effects of a prolonged foreign occupation of the whole Rhine country, will doubtless be less unyieldingly disposed, and will, on its part, exert the necessary pressure on the German industrial leaders, who themselves have no interest in dragging out a conflict likely to end in their ruin. In this manner a Franco-German compromise might be effected, which would be recognized as vitally necessary by both parties, and be based upon mutual consent.

Whatever steps are taken, it is evident that, even in our own interests alone, we cannot go on persisting in a state of war, for this would amount to deliberately ruining the rich beehive whence alone must come the Reparations which are our due.

It follows that not only the peace of the world, but our own welfare, demands a pacific solution of the Ruhr problem within a short time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN INTERESTS IN TURKEY

BY GUSTAV HERLT

From *Reconstruction, March* 1
(VIENNA ECONOMIC PROPAGANDA FORTNIGHTLY)

THE intransigeant attitude of the Turkish negotiators at Lausanne does not seem to deter international capital from seeking investment in Turkey, and tenders are being made to the Angora Government from all quarters for public works, and so forth. The opinion of international capital and enterprise, in fact, materially differs from that of the professional diplomats and minor commercial circles. While the diplomats persevere in their inveterate preconception of having a right to interfere in the inner affairs of Turkey, big business accepts the policy of the Nationalists whose aim is the liberation of their country from European tutelage.

The mentality of the Turks and of the Asiatics in general has undergone a great change since the Russo-Japanese War: they insist on being treated on a footing of equality with Europeans. If the European statesmen would take this fact into account, much quite useless friction and bad feeling might be avoided. The politicians by holding to their preconceived notions only undermine the ascendancy of Europe over Asia, which in any case has grown rather precarious since the war.

The aim of the Turkish Nationalists is to become political masters in their own house. Turkey wants to be a modern commonwealth where all inhabitants have equal rights and equal duties. The legal incapacity of the non-Moslem element on the one hand, and the exceptional favoritism on the other, conflict with this principle; and therefore the one as well as the other is to be abolished.

Formerly the Christian and Jewish inhabitants stood as it were outside the Turkish state. When conquered by the Turks the Christians were left in possession of full freedom with respect to religious, national, and cultural matters. The new rulers only put at their head a Patriarch or 'Vekil' who was responsible for his 'nation.' The Christians had to pay the poll tax, but were for the rest under no obligation toward the state, not even for national defense. On the other hand non-Moslems had no political rights. In the course of time the Christians more and more grew into the state; they were latterly obliged to pay the other taxes, and had to conform to the laws of the country; and with the development of the Turkish judicature their own particular jurisdiction gradually disappeared until at last the Young Turks even forced them into military service. In return the Christians were granted a share in the political administration.

The proposal made at Lausanne that the Christian subjects should be exempt from military service was as inacceptable to the Turkish delegates as the demand for an autonomous 'home' within the empire for the Armenians; and the demand on the part of the Turks to restrict the prerogatives of the Œcumenic Patriarchate to religious matters does not seem unjust.

If therefore the policy of the Nationalists toward Christian subjects is not open to the charge of inequity, espe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cially not in times like ours, where equality, democracy, and so forth, are loudly professed, we cannot blame them for insisting on the abolition of the old capitulations. Aliens in Turkey are to have precisely the same rights as are granted to Turks in the European states. The capitulations are no longer of the same importance for foreigners as in former times. Turkey, too, has advanced in civilization — save for occasional relapses; her administration and judicature have improved and will continue to do so.

It is especially the foreign merchant who believes he cannot do without capitulations. He regards Turkey as a colony out of which one seeks to draw the highest possible profits without putting much money into it; and while he is constantly crying for better pavement and illumination, more cleanliness, and so forth, he stoutly refuses to pay a pennyworth in taxation.

The Nationalists have adopted the economic policy of the Young Turks. They expect foreign traders in Turkey to submit to Turkish law, to use the Turkish language in their business, and to employ, with the exception of skilled hands and experts, only Turkish workers and employees. Moreover, in all foreign enterprises Turkish capital, it is intended, will participate to at least fifty per cent.

Such conditions, as already pointed out, do not deter foreign capital from seeking employment in Turkey, for after all even the most extreme Nationalists will be ready to discuss terms if they are convinced of the good will on the part of foreigners to treat them as equals.

Of the grand reconstruction scheme submitted to the Angora Government by Mr. Chester on behalf of the Rockefeller group, a survey appeared in number 37 of this paper (January 1, 1923). Negotiations concerning this project are still pending. The main point under discussion is now the guaranty which the Americans are expected to give for the performance of their engagements under the contract. The Turkish Government thinks it necessary to insist upon such guaranties, for it has happened on previous occasions that foreign concerns having obtained a concession did not follow it up, either from lack of capital or because they meant from the beginning to consider the concession only as an object for jobbery. Such unpleasant occurrences are to be avoided for the future.

The keenest competitors of the Americans for Turkish concessions are the French and the British. The French chiefly have in view the plain of Adana, which, but for the Nationalist victory, was meant to become a French 'sphere of influence.' Now the French try to gain at least an economic footing in Cilicia with a view to strengthening thereby their position in Smyrna, as Cilicia economically belongs more to Syria than to Asia Minor. A French group has obtained a concession for constructing a seaport at Mersina and intends beginning operations at once. The port of Mersina has good prospects of future development, especially in consideration of the projected railway-lines to the east of Asia Minor.

As the French have also undertaken the construction of the ports of Alexandretta and Tripoli, all the seaports in the eastern Mediterranean from Mersina down to Palestine will be under their influence. By the Franklin-Bouillon agreement the French have secured the control of the Syrian lines of the Bagdad Railway. The French, and more particularly the Société Batignolles, which has already done a great deal of building work in Turkey, are also taking part in the rebuilding of Smyrna. The reconstruction of Constantinople, Smyrna, and the towns

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burned down by the Greeks in Asia Minor, if it is to be done quickly, must be undertaken by a first-rate building company.

Smyrna, being the most important commercial place in Asia Minor, cannot be left in ruins for years, like the destroyed quarters of Constantinople; it must be rebuilt quickly, and the Nationalists unquestionably will urge this to be done. Even German firms have tendered for the reconstruction work of Smyrna and Constantinople. The demand for all kinds of building material, especially timber, cement, lime, iron, furniture, and so forth, will probably be very lively. Nearly all these articles must be imported from abroad, even cement, because the two Turkish cement-factories at the entrance of the Gulf of Ismid are out of working order.

The French also lay claim to the construction of the Samsun-Sivas railway-line, which is included in the programme of Mr. Chester; the concession for this line, as the French contend, was acquired by them in 1914 as an equivalent for a loan granted to the Turkish Government. It depends on the stipulations of the Peace Treaty whether this concession is still valid.

Another group is also bidding against Mr. Chester for the Ineboli-Kastamuni line, offering to construct a seaport at Ineboli and a railway to Kastamuni. The chief object of this group is the exploitation of the vast forests in those districts. Before the war Vienna and Budapest firms had a big timber-concession in the vilayet of Kastamuni, and engineers were already engaged in technical preparations when the war broke out. If the French concession for the Samsun-Sivas railway is declared to have legal validity the same must be the case with respect to the Austrian concessions.

Till now the British have shown little inclination to undertake public work in Turkey; they only built the Smyrna-Aidin railway and a few factories; but now their interest seems to be awakened. A company has been formed in London under the name of 'Turkish Development Corporation,' which is chiefly concerned in tram- and railway-building, electrical development, and exploitation of naphtha beds. Probably it is the naphtha which chiefly tempts this company, for operations on a grand scale for the exploitation of the oil-fields in the East Tigris country are to begin immediately after the League of Nations has decided the question of Mosul, provided the Nationalists acquiesce in the finding of the League. The Turkish Development Corporation is an appendage of the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, which has undertaken to coöperate in the reconstruction of Russia.

Should the Peace Treaty of Lausanne be ratified by the Angora National Assembly, — which by no means is quite sure, — then the more important concessions will be assigned with all speed and the reconstruction of Turkey may begin. For Asia Minor this would be a real blessing, because the country has greatly suffered during eight years of war. For the industrial states of the West, moreover, this would imply good openings for export and capital investments as well as for the employment of idle hands. Peace and stable conditions in the Levant would also greatly further the economic recovery of Europe. But whether this much-desired aim will be attained is questionable as long as neither the Greeks nor the Turks are willing to listen to reason and refuse to relinquish extravagant aspirations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ITALY AND YUGOSLAVIA

BY D. TOMITCH

From *La Revue Bleue, April 7*
(Paris Nationalist Literary and Political Semimonthly)

The Governments of Rome and Belgrade are to-day working out the practical details of the agreements they have reached with regard to their former disputes, and determining the conditions of their relations in the future. Especial credit is due to Signor Mussolini, who insisted that his country should honor her signature on the Italo-Yugoslav Treaty of Rapallo, which was concluded November 12, 1920, and that in the common interests of both countries this Treaty should be put into force.

The settling of the Adriatic question has a special significance in maintaining peace in that part of Europe. We need but recall that since the famous secret Treaty of London — concluded between the Triple Entente and Italy in 1915 — Italo-Serbian relations have more than once caused serious disturbance to the victorious Allies. These disturbances continued even after the Treaty of Rapallo had been signed, and went on until very lately, because Italy was rather in a hurry to put it in force. Nevertheless, the Treaty has been negotiated and signed without intermediaries between Italy and Yugoslavia, who, of their own volition, have agreed to the formula contained in its text: that 'the two Kingdoms, desiring to establish a régime of sincere friendship and cordial relations for the common good of the two peoples, have agreed,' and so forth. It has taken Italy more than two years to conform. This is not the place to inquire into the reasons for such a long hesitation. It is enough to know that at present Signor Mussolini's Government is disposed to carry out the Treaty.

The Treaty of Rapallo is the basis of the arrangements which were made some time ago and those that have just been negotiated. It laid down in a definite and incontestable way the Italo-Yugoslav frontiers and the question of the independent State of Fiume, as well as the fate of the city of Zara, which has become an Italian enclave in Yugoslav Dalmatia. As for the other questions at issue, this treaty contains merely solutions in principle and provides that the details are to be arranged in subsequent agreements. This unfortunate gap in the Treaty has enabled the Italians to pretend that up to the present Italy has had the right to maintain her occupation in those territories which, according to the Treaty of Rapallo, were to revert to Yugoslavia, in view of the fact that the proposed final arrangements had not yet been worked out.

What could the Belgrade Government do in the face of such an interpretation of the agreement? Yugoslav public opinion suggested that the Treaty should be registered with the League of Nations and that Italy might in this way be compelled to execute it. But the Government was of the opinion that a friendly arrangement is worth more than compulsion when it is a matter of establishing friendly relations between two peoples. Conversations were resumed between the Governments of Rome and Belgrade and resulted in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreement of Santa Margarita, which establishes the conditions for the execution of the Treaty of Rapallo.

This agreement, signed at Rome on October 23, 1922, provides that Italy must evacuate the territories assigned to Yugoslavia within the space of twelve days after the exchange of ratifications, and that a mixed commission of Italians and Yugoslavs is to meet at Abbazia to supervise this evacuation and to proceed to the regulation of all questions with regard to the organization and government of the free State of Fiume. Three conventions and a protocol, signed at the same time, are added to this agreement. The first provides for a tariff régime and frontier traffic between the Italian city of Zara and the adjacent territories of Yugoslavia in Dalmatia. The second relates to the suppression of smuggling and to the regulation of financial laws. The third includes conditions with regard to provincial personal-property and real-estate in Dalmatia — the systematizing of hereditary interests in the provinces, districts, and communes; a division of provincial property, as well as the archives, of Dalmatia; nationalization of companies and commercial houses, and so forth.

The protocol provides that communication between Zara and the adjacent territory, as well as certain clauses of the third convention, shall remain in force until the Italo-Yugoslav Treaty of Commerce, which the two states agree to conclude 'in the interests of the two peoples and to strengthen the bonds between them,' takes effect.

The agreements between Italy and Yugoslavia have been in process of execution for a month. The Italian troops have already evacuated the whole region belonging to Yugoslavia except the port of Baros and the Delta. The mixed commission is at work at Abbazia, and a conference has opened at Rome to negotiate the commercial treaty. Such are the results so far achieved.

Unfortunately the mixed commission at Abbazia has run into serious difficulties in the interpretation and the application of the Treaty of Rapallo and the agreement of Santa Margarita. One of these difficulties arises from the Italian failure to evacuate the port of Baros and the Delta. Various explanations are given by the Italians for maintaining this occupation. For one thing, it is said that the Italian Government will evacuate as soon as an agreement has been reached regulating the independent State of Fiume and the use of its harbor. According to other versions, the Italian Government looks forward to the assignment of the port of Baros and the Delta to the State of Fiume and not to Yugoslavia.

But Article 4 of the Treaty of Rapallo is precise on this point, stipulating that the State of Fiume consists of a *corpus separatum* having the boundaries of the city and district of Fiume as they existed before the war and a part of what was Istria, a description of which is given. Neither the port of Baros nor the Delta is within these limits, for they form part of the neighboring district of Sushak. This question, however, had been determined at the time of the signing of the Treaty of Rapallo, since the delegates of the Italian Government, in avoiding the introduction of a definite clause with regard to the port of Baros and the Delta, tacitly recognized the justice of the Yugoslav claim.

Count Sforza, who was the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, nevertheless consented in a special letter, in his own handwriting, to assigning the port of Baros and the Delta to Yugoslavia. He therefore agreed to it; and this letter is appended to the Treaty of Rapallo. Moreover, a map on the scale of one to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two hundred thousand is attached to the Treaty, and on this Count Sforza himself traced the frontier line between Yugoslavia and the State of Fiume, leaving outside the limits of this State the port of Baros and the Delta. On this point, then, there ought to be no dispute so far as Italy is concerned.

The Italian Delegation in the mixed commission at Abbazia have placed the question on another ground. They pretend that the port of Fiume, together with that of Baros and the Delta, constitutes an indivisible unit, and that in order to maintain this unit they must place it under the administration of a special organization, which they designate by the name of the 'Italo-Yugoslav Consortium.' This proposal is now being studied by the Belgrade Government.

The Yugoslav press shows no particular enthusiasm for such a combination, feeling that the arrangement would confirm Italy's dominance at Fiume, and believing that there is no reason for connecting the question of evacuating the port of Baros and the Delta with the organization of the free State of Fiume, and that — since the Treaty is explicit on this point — Italy has no right to act toward Yugoslavia like a conquering Power to exert pressure upon negotiations while they are in progress and to compel Yugoslavia to accept conditions.

Several other differences of opinion have developed in the mixed commission at Abbazia. The Italian Delegation proposes that the sovereignty of the State of Fiume shall be placed under a common Italo-Yugoslav administration, whereas the Government of Belgrade would prefer to maintain strictly the Treaty of Rapallo, leaving the State of Fiume to administer its own port. The exploitation of the railway and the organization of the tariff administration in the territory of the State of Fiume also raise difficulties.

Finally, the Italians make objections to the interpretation of Article 2 of the Santa Margarita agreement, and insist that it provides merely for arbitration by the President of the Swiss Republic in case of dispute over the delimitation of the frontier and not in all the problems that there are to solve.

Under these conditions it is scarcely probable that the negotiations now in progress can speedily result in a definite arrangement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LENIN'S ILLNESS

BY POUL BJERRE

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, April* 9
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

Around Lenin we see repeated the miserable comedy that is so common at the deathbeds of emperors and kings. From near and far medical eminences are summoned to conclude solemnly — *pro primo*, that death is inevitable, *pro secundo*, that it may occur at any time, and *pro tertio*, that it may be considerably postponed. One does not need to be even a medical student to repeat this commonplace about the uncertainty of human existence. Moreover, these medical authorities are naturally forbidden by their professional vows to give any detailed information concerning the nature of the disease. But we have the right to wonder whether this mystery in which Lenin's illness has been wrapped may not have a deeper cause.

Lenin is paralyzed on one side and finds it difficult to speak. This indicates an ordinary stroke. Then the question arises whether this stroke is due to a gradual hardening of the arteries, or whether it indicates some other chronic disease. When I try to summarize the various bits of information that have seeped out, I cannot escape the suspicion that rumor spoke true when a few years ago it said that Lenin suffered from general paralysis. I wish to emphasize that this is a personal conclusion which does not pretend to be scientific. The question, moreover, is so difficult to answer that not even the medical authorities at his bedside can be said to be unanimous.

But if it should be true that Lenin is in the last stages of a general paralysis, then it is easy to understand that everything is done to conceal that fact; and if the suspicion should be officially denied, such a denial has not the slightest significance. Probably a post-mortem will be forbidden and all possible measures will be taken to keep secret the cause of death, just as the development of the illness has been concealed. Perhaps scholars will dispute for decades and through lack of evidence never come to any definite conclusion.

Why this secrecy?

The reason is simple.

Should it ever be definitely proved that Lenin died of a general paralysis, the human race would face a fact which it could not endure. The great Russian tragedy would thereby be converted, not into a tragi-comedy, but into a grotesque farce — or rather into a kind of drama that has never been known before and for which there consequently is no name. For it is self-evident that if Lenin is now in the last stages of a general paralysis, he must have been in some stage of its development when he appeared in the political arena. To state the situation in popular language, this would mean that it is a liberated lunatic who has acquired autocratic powers over one hundred and forty million people and who has plunged them into the worst purgatory of mass murder and hunger that any people ever had to pass through. No, as I said, such a fact the human race could not endure looking in the eye. Let therefore still more professors of medicine be summoned! And let them declare on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their word of honor that Lenin has never been insane and that the cause of death was an ordinary cerebral hemorrhage.

Perhaps we can console ourselves with the following line of reasoning: It is not so bad as it sounds. Formerly it was said that God had created man in his own image. Now every school child knows that man creates his God according to his own image. The people select as their leaders those who incarnate their own characteristics. If Lenin had not symbolized the Russian people as they were in November 1917, he would never have come to power. It is not as an individual that he has exercised his power, but in his symbolic quality. He has therefore only been the means, the instrument through which the people have led themselves into their misfortune.

There is a certain truth in this. But unfortunately no consolation.

During the period between Lenin's defeat in the summer and his victory in the fall of 1917, I went to Petrograd to study revolutionary psychology. Thanks to the kindness of Russian colleagues, I was able to observe in the hospitals certain cases that could be connected with the peculiar political circumstances. But I soon learned that it was not in the hospitals but out in the open life that one ought to study the pathological effects of the revolution. To cite one example, I saw all the trolley cars overflowing with soldiers: they sat on the roofs; they clung to the steps as though life depended on getting on board. I asked someone what it meant and was told: 'These men do not want to go home. They think they are well off here. They eat and sleep and all day long they have nothing to do but ride in the cars. They pay no fare. They ride around all day long.' The effect they gave was that of a mass sinking down into a meaningless existence — down into dullness, indifference, and automatism.

I discussed these matters fully with a member of the government that was overturned by Lenin. He said something that made a deep impression on me: 'After all, the Bolsheviki have in one respect accomplished something useful — they have restored the authority of the State. We made our great mistake when, believing in the people, we destroyed this authority.'

When the grip of the State's power on the half-savage tribes began to relax, the whole mass began to glide toward dissolution. Then the embryos of humanity and civilization that had been formed in the people also began to slide toward dissolution, leaving not only the masses but also individuals in a state of chaos, deterioration, and dull indifference.

It was under such circumstances that the most absurd of illusions was able to gain credence and be greeted as a salvation from misery: namely, faith in a paradise, not through the direct interference in the world-order by God, but through something still more wonderful — the elevation of the proletariat to God. The proletariat alone was entitled to live, and in its name society was to be cleansed of everything that culture had created in the form of institutions or personal worth. The proletariat — that is, the illiterate, earthbound, unproductive Russian mob — was to create a new world-order of righteousness, just as God once created heaven and earth. He alone could become leader of the people who with heart and soul accepted the new faith.

Much evil has been spoken of Lenin, but no one has ever accused him of not acting in good faith. He was a true believer. But must not large parts of mental life have become extinct before a person could arrive at an irrevocable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faith in something so far removed from reality as the Bolshevist doctrine?

It is answered: 'No! All the others who believed were not insane.' But it is a question whether in their case personal desire for power has not played a rôle, and whether Lenin did not become greater than they in the eyes of the people because he was free from this, because he believed wholly and fully without egoistic side-motives, just as only an insane person could believe.

In any event there is nothing peculiar in the fact that under the circumstances only an insane man could have won power over the Russian people and become their symbol.

Much has been said of the mission of Russia — about Holy Russia as the redeemer of mankind. Perhaps Russia now, at this moment, is fulfilling this mission. Europe was a long way on the road to Bolshevism during the years after the war. No one knows how far it would have gone, had not the Russian example acted as a deterrent. There was an unintentional, but not a less effective, warning in the Russian terror and famine. A new faith and a new God were needed elsewhere quite as badly as in Russia. But, as has happened so often before in history, the new faith revealed itself as a new illusion and the new God as a man-destroying monster. Europe woke up and took warning.

The whirl of death continues. We chase after illusions and follow those who can keep them alive. For the moment the worst illusion is called 'Reparations.' If Lenin's insanity ever becomes proved, will not this fact arouse the masses from their delusion and teach them to choose their leaders according to new principles?

THE KEYS OF JERUSALEM

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. BIRDWOOD THOMSON

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, March* 17
(London Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

Toward noon the resistance of the Turks collapsed. They fled east and north, and the advanced troops of the British force on the road from Jaffa pressed forward with an eagerness which was noteworthy. It may have been due to expectation. We had come far, and now the goal was close at hand. The Syrian monk at Enab had told us that El Kubeibeh — the valley where war's intrusion seemed an outrage, so peaceful was the aspect of its sycamores and cypresses and the broad sheet of precious water among those barren hills — once had been called Emmaus, and we knew it was only three-score furlongs distant from the City, a Sunday morning's walk.

After crossing the bottom of a deep ravine, the road skirted its southern edge and climbed in zigzags to a rocky plateau. The word passed round that this was the last stage; yet even when that long ascent had been accomplished, no city could be seen, and already the short winter day was drawing in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At a bend, where the ravine turned north and the road ran in an easterly direction, were two houses; one was in ruins. Beyond them the ground sloped downward to another valley into which we could not see. To our right, in the south, a storm was brewing: the mountain tops were blotted out by leaden clouds, beneath which the landscape seemed convulsed, and from that seething caldron white mists crept along the hidden valley, while wisps of fleecy vapor bore down on the plateau where we stood like riders of the sky.

One mountain, rising straight ahead, the storm had not yet reached. We had noted it many times before that day, the two towers on its summit, and a grove of trees surrounding a church with many domes in an enclosure on its side.

'How far off is the top of that hill?' asked a General.

'Just over five thousand yards to the left-hand tower,' was the answer.

The hill in question was the Mount of Olives, the enclosure the Garden of Gethsemane, below which the still invisible city lay, not more than one mile off.

'Remember that no one is to go inside the walls. The Bull will be furious if anything of that kind happens.' This last injunction given, the General went back in his car to announce to Headquarters and the world that Jerusalem had fallen.

Meanwhile, a small crowd had assembled in and around the ruined house; it consisted of signalers establishing telephonic communication, a German doctor, two Americans, and three Turks. One of the Turks was the Mayor of the Holy City, and he had brought with him the keys as a token of surrender. They were large keys and quite ordinary, except that they were very clean and shone like silver. There were several; no doubt 'the keys of all the creeds' were in that bunch. They had been offered to two private soldiers, who had refused to have anything to do with them; their duties as cooks were far too pressing and began only when camp was reached. Dalliance on the road for such as these would have been criminal; others might traffic with key-bearing Mayors; their business was to serve hungry, exacting comrades, and shout out at the earliest moment possible the glad tidings 'Dinners Up!'

An Artillery Major had also been approached, but with the same result. He was a solicitor in private life, and the effect of artillery training on his legal mind had been to increase its cautiousness. Those keys were not for him, he felt that instinctively; his ambition was a D.S.O.; whereas the keys of Jerusalem were for people who might aspire to a K.C.B. or even higher. But when he thought of the local press at home, in Yorkshire, of a whole column devoted to his doughty deeds, headed 'A Tyke Takes Temple,' with a photograph of himself and three heathen Turks inset (one of the Americans had brought a camera), he was sorely tempted.

The keys were still undisposed of when the senior General called up on the telephone. He wanted further details before sending off a telegram; but on being told of what had transpired since he left, his voice became eager, anxious, and imperative.

'The Mayor with the keys? Has he still got them? . . . Keep him till I come; on no account let him go away or give them to anybody else. I will receive them!'

Preparations for the ceremony were made at once: a few women and children had by this time assembled, bringing flowers, and a camera was got into position.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Robert the Bruce had achieved his heart's desire and been able to fulfill his vow, he might have ridden by that road after lying overnight at Enab. But he would not have stopped one moment by the wayside in his impatience; the keys would have been received by Douglas, the faithful servant of his King. Godfrey of Bouillon, too, — 'a quiet, pious, hard-fighting knight, who was chosen to rule in Jerusalem because he had no dangerous qualities and no obvious defects,' — would have left either to Bohemund or Baldwin what to him would have seemed an empty show.

But he, of course, was not successful, only the hero of a legend and some songs. The man who actually received the keys was neither King nor Pilgrim, though in some ways a Crusader; his satisfaction was unbounded as he stood, the observed of all observers, — and there were at least a dozen present, — by the roadside with the ruin as a background. Ruins and conquerors go well together.

Click went the camera, and the General smiled approval; at least there was a record of this historical event with himself the central figure.

In regard to publicity the Solicitor and the General had much in common; but naturally the latter's outlook on affairs was wider. No local press for him; he aimed at nothing less than the front page of a Sunday illustrated paper — some weekly compendium of sport, vulgarity, follies, crimes, and lies, with an occasional contribution from a Cabinet Minister. This is an age of doubt; people believe little of what they read, but still retain a touching faith in photographs. His niche in the temple of fame and limelight would be secure if a million so-called Sunday readers knew him by sight. And how opportune it was! With any luck the negative would be in London by Christmas week. Thus, suddenly, is a garish glory gained.

A whole series of photographs had in fact been taken; his was the last. The first was of two British Tommies, in shorts, conferring with a Turkish Mayor and two City Councilors, accepting cigarettes and flowers, smiling their gratitude for these gifts. The second was of their backs as they plodded stolidly eastward, keyless and careless, while three disconsolate City Fathers stared after them, baffled and charmed by their simplicity.

The third showed a big, strong man seated squarely on a horse; and looking up at him, appealingly, a frail old Turk holding a bunch of keys. The horseman's face was twitching under the stress of inner conflict between caution and desire. He was neither buying nor selling, but, metaphorically, was looking a gift horse in the mouth. A strange position for a Yorkshireman. '*Château qui parle; femme qui écoute.*' The proverb is incomplete. In all probability, if he, who had neither spoken nor listened to Jerusalem's first Magistrate, had looked at those keys a moment longer he would have yielded. But caution triumphed.

The fourth photograph showed a wistful figure, standing apart, watching; the solicitor had lingered, held by some instinct, until the General's car arrived. If to suffer in silence were a military virtue, that solitary spectator earned a D.S.O. during the next five minutes. A Major, of course, should always give way to a General; but this man was only one-third Major; he had two other sides which did not wear khaki. Another man, because he was a General, was getting what he, a Yorkshire solicitor, might have got, for nothing. It was enough to make anyone a Bolshevik. He wondered if the smiling recipient of those keys was Irish — quite a quarter of the Generals

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the British Army were of that fighting race — and shuddered at the thought.

A few hundred yards farther on were the first houses of the western suburb. Neither pomp nor circumstance attended our arrival; we were not entering the walled city, only surrounding it, and marched through squalid streets from a corner near the Jaffa Gate to the main road leading to Damascus.

While we passed the storm broke; an icy wind swept up the valley of the Kedron, rain fell in torrents and drenched the tired troops.

We had imagined something very different. In the camp west of Beersheba, life had been strenuous and inevitably ascetic; the soul had been swept and garnished, the vision cleared. Waiting while summer mellowed into autumn, marking the changes of the moon, searching for water in a sandy waste, we had learned the desert's loneliness, tasted the tang of its hot breath, marched through cool, splendid Eastern nights over its trackless surface, watched the sun rise and dissipate the cloudy shimmer of its robe of dew. To some those weeks had been a vigil, the fitting preparation for a high adventure. Even the callous had moments of exaltation, mystical imaginings, mirages of the mind.

Realities are always disappointing; they issue from a gate of horn, not from the ivory gate of dreams.

In our visions we saw a City Beautiful, where once a temple with a golden dome had roused the envy of Samaritans and the cupidity of Vespasian's legions; we found drab, melancholy walls hemmed in on the north and west by a hideous modern suburb. We had surveyed with the mind's eye a green hill without a city wall; but Judgment Place, Calvary, and Sepulchre were huddled *within* the walls, and almost beneath one roof. We had pictured the 'Via Dolorosa' as portrayed on stained-glass windows; it was a narrow lane, where ignorance and superstition had been so exploited that there might have been turnstiles at the Stations of the Cross.

We had heard of Russian pilgrims paying huge sums to be the first to light their lamps at what was called the 'Sacred Fire'; we saw the filament with which the trick was worked. We had conceived an atmosphere compact of memories of an imperishable story, and breathing peace; we entered an arena for all the jarring creeds. Being British, the latest crusaders tried to hide their disappointment, became more taciturn than ever, and registered another lost illusion.

There was no need. We still possessed our dreams, and of their stuff could create cities far more fair than any structure built with hands. Those bright, intangible, dissolving cities, how peaceful and serene, how different from Jerusalem on that day of storm and rain! — no mud, no smells, no noise, no hustling crowds, no simple soldiers hungering for a meal, no envious schemers, no conquerors taking keys, no walls, no secrets, nothing to conceal. They are not rooted to one spot, but come to us wherever we may be, assuming shapes as various as our moods. We are their architects, masters of all, without, within, kings in the kingdoms of our inner selves, whose revelations come and go.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ACADIANS

BY RENÉ BAZIN

From *La Revue Universelle, April* 15, 1923
(PARIS ROYALIST POLITICAL AND LITERARY SEMIMONTHLY)

THE French have allowed it to be said, and some of them have naïvely repeated it, that they are not colonizers, although proofs to the contrary abound both in the past and in the present. They have not known how to keep their colonies, that is very true. They have been neither prompt nor brutal enough when a rival nation sent a fleet on a visit to our colonial establishments, where, under diverse pretexts, it seized a stronghold, captured a company of fishing boats, or destroyed any crops which it considered impudent for anybody except the English to raise. But there can be no doubt that our sailor folk had a genius for discovery, a talent for choosing routes, and a happy way of being the first to come upon an island or a continent, which they and their wives hastened to settle; and that they adapted themselves to thirty-six varieties of climate, making out of some savage country a miniature France, peasantlike, joyous and free-hearted. The English, who are connoisseurs in such matters, have acknowledged and proved this in many ways that were hardly commendable, especially as applied to Acadia and the Acadians.

I fear you may not remember just where Acadia is situated. You have read *Evangeline*, but perhaps you would not know what steamer to take if you wanted to visit your sister at Grand Pré. Well, if you will conjure up a picture of the great St. Lawrence River, which spreads out in a vast curve, enveloping with its mighty waters the isle of Anticosti and, farther away, Newfoundland, you will realize that this horn of plenty is very solidly constructed. The right side for some distance and the extremity of this region belong to Canada, the rest being American. Roughly, this right side is made up of the Canadian Maritime Provinces, consisting of Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, to which the name 'Acadia' was applied, a word probably of Algonquin origin, meaning 'fertile place.'

About the middle of the sixteenth century the Bretons and the Basques wanted to found a priory there after their own fashion. They felt themselves quite at home there, since they discovered the country — so much so, indeed, that, toward the end of the century, they dislodged from the island of Ramée an English Commodore, Charles Leigh, which they had a perfect right to do. Later, on April 7, 1604, having obtained a charter from Henry IV, the Sieur de Monts, Champlain, geographer to the King, and the Sieur de Pontrincourt, together with one hundred and twenty others, set sail from Havre-de-Grâce in two ships and two smaller craft, to colonize the land of Acadia, 'all desiring to participate in the glory of so good and great an enterprise.'

At first our compatriots established themselves too far to the north, so that, as the winter which followed proved uncommonly severe, they found themselves reduced by sickness and death to forty-five souls by the time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the snows melted. In the spring of 1606 the survivors proceeded farther south, and, having found an anchorage 'eight leagues in circumference' near a body of water which they called French Bay, as well as surrounding forests of oak, ash, and other trees, they named it, 'on account of its beauty, Port Royal.'

The Sieur de Pontrincourt, an excellent man rich in children but poor in this world's goods, returned to France in the Jonas to see the King of France, who graciously confirmed his powers and his rights in the new country of 'maintaining the Christian and French authority.' Pontrincourt got together a fine group of future colonists willing to embark with him, including carpenters, joiners, masons, locksmiths, and especially laborers. He took with him also Queen Marie de Medici's apothecary, Louis Hébert, who sold his house in Paris in order to take part in the bold adventure; and still another, an advocate of Parliament, Marc Lescarbot, a learned man who read Greek and Hebrew, wrote rhymed verse, loved to sing in the wilderness, and wrote the *History of New France*. I fancy that when the vinedressers and the carters of Touraine, accustomed to the ways of travel, watched Lescarbot taking notes on the bridge during the ocean voyage, they placidly explained the matter to their more travel-weary companions from Armorique and Poitou, 'He 's a bard whom Messire de Pontrincourt is taking along with us in order to brighten up the long evenings.'

The day after the landing in America, July 28, 1606, Pontrincourt assembled his company and showed them over the country round Port Royal, which was a nearly continuous stretch of meadowlands for some twenty-one leagues; and as soon as a plough could be landed, tillage began. A fortnight later the Acadian soil had been sown with our good French grain, 'both wheat and rye,' and with our beans, and our hemp, and our barley. Wonder and rejoicing; and our grain came up and waxed luxuriously, to such a height indeed, as Lescarbot said, that 'the tallest man could not see over it, and we feared that its height might interfere with its harvesting.'

Meanwhile the savages appeared from the forest and made signs of friendship. They were well received and soon fell into accord with the French, to whom they brought fresh fish and venison as well as the pelts of the bear and the fox. Soon the colonists placed in their records the note, 'These people love the French' — and they were by no means wrong.

They merited well of France, these protégés of Henry IV. Industrious, inventive, a little too trustful, ready for any journey but more given to the home and the farm, overjoyed to see their bins in America filled with good Norman grain, they united in wintertime to keep themselves warm and pass the time together. For fear that melancholy might seize upon one or more of them, they sang songs and passed the cup of joy. Champlain, half in jest, knowing them to be enamored of social distinctions and avid of decorations, established for them the 'Order of *Bon Temps*.'

When the snows had melted, they searched beyond the forests for other lands capable of being sown to wheat, where families could build log houses and settle down. In time these settlements grew into villages. And what names they chose for them, all full of the essence of their soul: Beauséjour, Bel-air, Joli-Cœur, Cocogne, Tintamare, Paradis! And beside every cabin, you may believe, there was a fenced and well-planted garden.

Unfortunately, the English had established themselves at several points on the continent. Oh, nowhere near

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Port Royal. At a distance which discouraged making useless visits, a very strong reason for making hostile ones. At that period, it seems, the English could not bear to see France grow greater, or in fact grow at all. In the month of July, 1613, a Welsh adventurer by the name of Argall, having heard of the existence of a French outpost in Acadia through the Indians, set out from Virginia and appeared before Port Royal in an armed sloop of fourteen guns, where he demolished, robbed, and massacred to his heart's content. A few colonists were left, scattered in the wilderness and at the mercy of the elements. And yet the mother country failed to support in any way a cause which, after all, was her own. Was it her fault? If we understood history better, we should perhaps better appreciate the reasons; but, as it is, we find ourselves too often confined to a mere expression of regret.

In order that the affront should be avenged, it was necessary for Richelieu to understand the matter and act. After beating the English at Rochelle, we exacted the restitution of ravaged Port Royal. A frigate, the Espérance en Dieu, left Auray during the summer of 1632 for Canada. Lord Sterling delivered the fort to Admiral de Razilly, and the English colonists departed, with the exception of a few who preferred to cast their lot among the French, and who eventually became heads of Acadian families.

All this I read, with innumerable details, in the great history of Acadia which Professor Émile Lauvrière of the Lycée Louis le Grand has written in two volumes, entitled *The Tragedy of a People.* It is indeed a tragedy — Henry d'Arles, a Canadian, had already made use of this epithet to describe this event. Up till the year 1707 no fewer than ten attacks were made upon our Acadian colonies by the English, as well in time of peace as in war. Our poor compatriots did their best to hold fast. They were Christians, sturdy men and vigorous women. In spite of the killings the birth-rate was so high that, of those originally brought over by Pontrincourt, there were some hundred families more or less: Thibaudeau, Poirier, Carmier, Lejeune, Lablanc, Roy, Belliveau, Robichoux, Landry, and so forth. The English and Scotch who settled various sites on the American coast increased much less rapidly. Governor Warren therefore wrote to the Duke of Newcastle in 1745 that 'it would be wise to deport the Acadians living at Annapolis (English name for Port Royal).'

The worst of it was that the suggestion was carried out. They waited fifteen years to let the scheme ripen, the while denying it. The Treaty of Utrecht, of April 11, 1713, had ceded Acadia to Great Britain, mistress of the sea and the land.

There were several false starts, but at last, on June 28, 1755, Governor Lawrence gave the order to deport from their homes all the French Acadians, after getting from them 'all the revenue possible.' It was decided to distribute among British soldiers and other colonists the lands taken from the peasants of France, putting Protestants in the place of Catholics. On July 28 eighty Acadian delegates, convoked at Halifax under the pretext of explanations due the English Commissioners, were held as prisoners. In the villages the English soldiers arrived singing as they marched, and explaining that they had come for a little fishing. Distributed by twos and threes in the families of the colonists, they rose at a given hour of the night and secured the arms of their unsuspecting hosts. In the month of August the order was given to destroy the houses of the Acadians, and to place the men as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prisoners on board the ships, sloops, and schooners which were ordered offshore in readiness. Some fled into the woods as their homes went up in flames. The greater part, under arrest, marched to the ships between armed guards. They prayed to God; they sang their psalms; and as they passed along, the women and children knelt in tears.

Thousands of Acadians were in this manner 'taken care of.' The turn of the women and children came soon afterward, in the spring of 1756. Placards were posted on the walls announcing that '20,000 British families could be easily accommodated in the districts of Chignetou, Cobequid, Minas, Pigiguit, and Annapolis,' and that new colonists would be exempted from taxation for ten years. They were also promised harvest seed, arms, and liberty of conscience, provided they were not Catholics.

As for the unfortunate Acadians, they were carried off and distributed by groups throughout the thirteen English colonies. Stripped of all they possessed, they were turned loose in Connecticut, in Pennsylvania, in South Carolina, in the Guianas, in Santo Domingo, at Saint-Pierre and Miquelon, and some even at English ports, where they mostly died in misery. Children were often separated from their mothers and wives from their husbands. Remnants of these families were cast even as far as the shores of France herself, at Belle-Isle-en-Mer, at Saint-Malo, at Boulogne, at Havre, at Rochefort. All this violent dispersion was done planlessly, whenever there happened to be time, and was not fully accomplished until 1762. The victims called it, in their ancient peasant language, *le grand dérangement.*

But it fell out that love was stronger than hate. Cabins were rebuilt and babies were born in the valleys of the Acadian wilderness. The forgotten returned. In 1771 the Government of Nova Scotia realized with astonishment that the Province contained 1249 Acadians, leaving out of the count the inhabitants of many small isolated settlements. In 1790 there were more than 8000 Acadians; in 1815 more than 25,000!

It seems marvelous that to-day, in the very districts in which they were so cruelly persecuted, their numbers reach 200,000. If one adds those of the same race in other points of Canada, in Newfoundland, in Louisiana, and in other American states, there must be half a million descendants, in ten generations, of the fifty French who emigrated to America in the time of King Henry IV. One never hears them spoken of except in pity. They are farmers, fishermen, servants, artisans. But these Normans, Tourangeaux, Rochebois, Basques, and Bretons have been victorious over fate and have left behind them their period of misfortune. They are Catholics in religion, industrious, hospitable, gay and independent in character.

If you have the good fortune to visit them in their homes you will hear the songs that were sung by the neighbors of Pierre de Ronsard; you will find a people living in quiet comfort, and, as always in their history, caring for the poor, and '*se les passants comme le pain bénit.*' Loyal subjects of a Government which tragically misunderstood them, they have but one desire: to remain Acadians, with the same Credo and the same language as their fathers. They need to be represented in public life by men of their own race, and, in order that these men may be equal to their positions, the Acadians demand their own schools and teachers who speak French.

M. Lauvrière, on the last page of his work, which is replete with sympathy for the Acadian people, quotes a few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

really touching phrases from an appeal sent out by the Société de Saint-Thomas d'Aquin, founded in 1921, which has set itself the task of 'raising funds for the education of young Acadians of good parts in purely French colleges.'

How is it possible not to be moved with pride and yet, at the same time, with regret, and not to feel a keen desire to help those worthy people, when one reads the following sentences, so full of ambition, so straightforward and pure?

'We need well-educated men . . . who are capable of holding their own in legislatures, pleading before courts, leading our people, guiding their steps, organizing their energies. . . . With the moral and financial assistance of all our friends we hope soon to see graduating from colleges and universities many preachers, physicians, lawyers, and other learned men who shall march at our head in the defense of our race, our religion, and our rights.'

And again — 'This year there are three Acadians holding scholarships at the College of Saint-Joseph de Memramcouk, two at colleges in the Province of Quebec, and one at the Quebec Seminary. Let us fervently hope that the French-Acadian Committee will soon be able to choose from among these young people a scholar for France.'

A scholar for France! You who read these lines, if you ever meet this scholar, salute in him the sincerest homage to our country's spirit, the living testimony of the memory of three centuries, which neither distance nor misfortune nor calumny have been able to efface.

THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623–1923

From the *Times Literary Supplement, April* 19
(Critical Weekly Edition of the London 'Times')

Anniversaries no doubt are heady wine. But even a sober judgment may find justification if it maintains that, taken for all in all, the First Folio is the *doyen* of the world's books. The claim does not rest upon its external beauty, for it is but a poor bit of printing, with decorations from worn woodcuts and a lamentable portrait; or upon its price in the market, for that is a fact of bibliopoly, not of literature; or upon its rarity, for at least a hundred and seventy-two copies exist out of an edition not likely to have exceeded a thousand.

But, after all, the primary function of a book is to make reading matter available; and here are twenty plays by Shakespeare, never before printed, and rescued in the First Folio from the chances of edacious time, to be the perpetual entertainment, instruction, and consolation of mankind.

A salute is due, then, in setting out, to the makers of the book, to the stationers who printed and sold it, and to John Heminge and Henry Condell, of the King's Players, who furnished the manuscripts. Heminge and Condell are but shadowy personalities. They were vestrymen of St. Mary Aldermanbury, and Heminge is seen dimly through the records of his lawsuits as a hard man and at times barely honest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But we may reasonably credit them with the piety toward their dead 'fellow' which their preface endeavors to express.

The leading spirits among the stationers were Edward Blount and William Jaggard. Blount was a man of some literary turn, who afterward collected the plays of Lyly, and to him the editorial supervision of the enterprise probably fell, although it has been conjectured that he obtained help from Ben Jonson. Jaggard was the printer, and had already been concerned, some years before, in an abortive attempt to issue a Shakespearean collection in quarto form. With these were associated Jaggard's son and partner, Isaac, and two other publishers, William Aspley and John Smethwick, who between them held half a dozen of the Quarto copyrights.

Other such copyrights were widely spread, and the acquisition of printing rights must have involved arrangements with eight or nine stationers outside the syndicate. For some unknown reason *Pericles* was not included in the collection; perhaps Blount judged Shakespeare's share in the play a trifling one; perhaps the owner of the copyrights refused consent. The editing does not appear to have gone much beyond the prefatory matter. A few stage directions may have been supplied, a few undivided plays distributed into acts and scenes. But these changes may already have been introduced into the material handed over by the players. This consisted partly of Quarto prints which had been adapted as prompt copies, partly of manuscripts, some at least of which had served the same turn.

There is little evidence of any contemporary stir caused by the issue. William Jaggard sent a presentation copy, which survives, to his friend, Augustine Vincent, the herald. The churlish Prynne, already brooding over the compilation of his portentous *Histriomastix*, grumbled that 'Schackspeers Plaies are printed in the best Crowne paper, far better than most Bibles.' But it was not for this that Prynne lost his ears, and Sir Sidney Lee tells us that it was not strictly true, for, although crown paper was used, it was not the best.

The Bodleian Library sold its statutory copy in 1664, when a new issue appeared with a supplement of *Pericles* and six apocryphal plays, and recovered it, to the accompaniment of discreet chuckling by the bibliographers, only a few years ago. But the desire for first editions as such was not a coxcombry of the seventeenth century. George Steevens reports a note in a copy of the Folio which showed the original price to have been £1.

Steevens is the 'Puck of commentators' and by no means trustworthy. But, if he is not misleading us, the price of £3 15*s.* paid for another copy in 1628 indicates some appreciation of value. The edition may have been exhausted; the Second Folio appeared in 1632. At any rate, copies drifted into many country-house libraries. Some were read; it is Steevens again who claims to have found flakes of pie-crust between the leaves. Others slept on the shelves. Even recently Mr. Maurice Hewlett was able to amaze a hostess by pointing to one, dilapidated and unregarded, which jostled for space in a lobby with the *biblia a-biblia*.

And now the First Folio has long had a cult. The patient research of Sir Sidney Lee has dissected its bibliographical make-up, traced the misfortunes which befell it in the printing house, analyzed its variants and misprints, and compiled an exhaustive census of all known copies, with notes of their condition and successive ownerships. The tallest copy is 13½ inches,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the widest $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and so forth. The portrait exists in two states, and the controversy as to whether it derives from or is the original of the 'Flower' portrait at Stratford on Avon is still open.

Sir Sidney tells us that an American collector 'is to be congratulated on' having acquired the record number of eight copies. Less opulent book-lovers may boggle at the congratulations, and may conclude that there are 'regraters and forestallers' in literature no less than in building materials.

In any case, no one well qualified to make good use of a First Folio is in the least likely ever to possess one. It does not much matter. The Grenville copy in the British Museum is one of the best, and the student can fall back upon the excellent Clarendon Press reprint, to which Sir Sidney Lee's census was an appendix, or for humbler purposes upon the cheaper reprint of Lionel Booth.

This close attention to the details of the Folio has had an interesting reaction upon scholarship. A group of competent bibliographers, with that accomplished veteran Mr. A. W. Pollard at its head, has set itself, in these columns and elsewhere, to investigate the probable relation of the copy used by the printers to the original manuscripts supplied by Shakespeare, to estimate the amount of sophistication which that copy may be supposed to have undergone in the printing house, and thus to determine the limits within which emendation of the text is likely to prove legitimate and plausible.

Naturally the Quarto texts have also been brought into question. And an additional stimulus has come from the renewed speculations of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson as to the possibility that certain pages in the manuscript play of *Sir Thomas More* may be in Shakespeare's handwriting, and may furnish evidence of his scribal methods in the treatment of orthography, abbreviations, and punctuation.

And so we are faced with a reopening of the textual question, which a generation of Shakespeareans has regarded with complacency as substantially disposed of by the labors of the Cambridge editors. Let us say at once that we welcome the new movement. Scholarship can only stagnate if it is not prepared, as occasion arises, to reconsider its foundations. It is no doubt possible to overstate the defects of the current texts, and consequently the potentialities of a fresh settlement. Mr. Dover Wilson, to whose activities we refer below, does so, we think, when he writes that most editors have started 'by adopting the Folio as the impregnable rock of Shakespearean scripture, by regarding every text therein as of equal authority with every other, and by accepting at its face value Heminge and Condell's implication that all the quartos were "stolne and surreptitious."'

This may be true of some editors, mainly concerned to provide a readable text for the public, who have followed the Folio either because it was the line of least resistance or out of a notion that in some way or other it represented Shakespeare's last word. But surely all adequate scholars have long recognized, Malone no less than Aldis Wright, that in the substantial number of plays which the Folio merely reprints from a Quarto the Quarto text has the higher authority of the two.

Perhaps the full implications of this priority have still to be accepted. The Cambridge editors seem, to the end, to have regarded the Folio as in some sense the 'basis' of their text; and a process of taking a late version as a basis and emending it, however conscientiously, by collation with an earlier version is not technically sound,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and is likely to leave too much of a Folio coloring in details of minor importance. This, however, would be more material in an old-spelling edition, which the Cambridge edition was not.

Similarly, the observed habits of the Folio in sophisticating its Quarto predecessors might be more systematically applied in determining the measure of sophistication which the plays derived from manuscript sources are likely to have undergone. And certainly the new criticism is right when it maintains that the Folio must not be looked upon as representing a common recension of all the plays, or even of all those for which it is the *editio princeps*. It is a collection of individual texts, each with its own theatrical history behind it; and each text must be separately studied with a view to analyzing the nature and origin of the copy on which it is based, before it can be safely used for critical purposes.

The thirty-six texts of the Folio fall into three groups. There are eight which derive directly from the Quartos, subject in some but not in all cases to additions and modifications due to the use of the printed books, instead of manuscripts, as prompt copies for the players. There are eight also which derive from manuscript, in spite of the preëxistence of Quartos. Two of these Quartos are obviously 'stolne and surreptitious.' The others furnish good texts, and in weighing Folio against Quarto in this group it is essential to arrive at a preliminary judgment as to the respective relation of each text to the author's original manuscript.

Finally there are the twenty plays which the Folio presented for the first time; and here, in the absence of Quarto assistance, the task of determining the pre-history of the texts is clearly more speculative. Some of them may derive from original manuscripts, more or less altered; others perhaps only from transcripts. A theory of the wholesale transcription of playhouse copies, which once found favor with editors, has now to meet legitimate skepticism.

It has been suggested that some of the prompt copies were lost, or perhaps destroyed in the Globe fire of 1613, and that texts were 'assembled,' either for later theatrical use or directly for the Folio printers, by compilation from the actors' parts, with the aid of a 'plot' or tiring-house scenario. This is obviously a hypothesis which requires the most careful scrutiny.

Our adventurers go gayly on their way and with high hopes. They are like stout Cortes and his company on the peak in Darien, only by no means silent. 'The door of Shakespeare's workshop stands ajar,' says Mr. Wilson. They claim to start from the 'secure basis' of bibliographical analysis, 'which is scientific and independent of all questions of taste.'

Some qualification is needed here. No doubt bibliography deals with facts, definite inky shapes impressed upon tangible pieces of paper and arranged in groups which are capable of enumeration. But bibliographic science is still young. It has not yet completed its primary inductions. A mass of material is available in Arber's admirable print of the register of the Stationers' Company. But it needs much further survey and tabulation before our knowledge of the methods of Elizabethan printing houses can be taken as established.

The same is true as regards the manipulation of copy by the printers, their treatment of spelling, pointing, and abbreviations. How far did they feel themselves bound to respect the author's copy? We guess at what they would be likely to do, as honest workmen, between cups, and illustrate our theories by examples. But no one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has yet gone over the whole ground in a spirit of detachment.

In any case, bibliography is but one corner of the textual problem, and to treat it as a water-tight compartment would be fatal. And in practice Mr. Pollard and his fellows, although they magnify bibliography, and sometimes ironically pretend to be nothing but specialists, are fully aware of this. At every point in their researches they have to dovetail bibliographical facts with others drawn from a knowledge of play records, of the economy of the acting companies, of the methods of presentation in the theatres and at Court.

Nor can they neglect purely literary considerations, such as the development of Shakespeare's style. And as for 'taste,' they fall back, no less readily than other people, upon the perilous conclusion that this or that passage cannot be of Shakespeare's writing because it is not good enough, or does not read like him.

And now let us turn more particularly to Mr. Dover Wilson, who takes the conduct of the enterprise as textual editor on the reformed lines of a new Cambridge edition. With him is associated Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, whose introductory essays, always luminous and always human, are delightful reading. One may perhaps think them an oddly yoked pair of Dioscuri. But this is no place for a general review of the edition, or of certain disconcerting features in it, such as its revolutionary punctuation or its spilth of new stage-directions.

It has now covered six plays, four resting wholly on the Folio, one on the Folio and a 'surreptitious' Quarto, one on the Folio and a 'good' Quarto; and we can begin to see what Mr. Dover Wilson would be at. And here the conservative student will find himself confronted with a major disconcertment.

Textual criticism in the narrower sense proves to be but a small part of Mr. Dover Wilson's problem. His textual suggestions, indeed, are frequent and ingenious and interesting, and inspired by a desire to keep closely to the probabilities of Shakespeare's spelling, as he believes it to be revealed in some of the Quartos, and of Shakespeare's handwriting, as he believes it to be revealed in *Sir Thomas More*.

But these are criteria which can only be applied where Shakespeare is present. Mr. Dover Wilson's speculations on the structure of the plays lead him to the conclusion that in many passages Shakespeare is not present at all, and in others only as reviser of his own early work or that of other men. He conceives of a theatrical play-text not as the record of a single artistic intention but as a growing organism, subject to constant modification, by way of revision, abridgment, and expansion, in accordance with shifting literary fashions or the varying needs of a playing company.

Many hands may get to work upon such a text, as it lies in the tiring-house chest through a period of years. Transcripts are avoided for economy and to minimize the risk of piracy. Cuts and marginal additions are carelessly made, and ultimately mislead the printer. Even where this is not so, it obviously becomes a matter of difficulty to disentangle from the mass of survivals and accretions the work of any single author. Can there, indeed, be said to be any single author in such circumstances? Does a clean Shakespearean text remain a possibility?

This attitude toward the Shakespearean canon is not, of course, a wholly new one. The full authenticity of certain plays has long been doubted. Mr. Fleay, in his irresponsible and unsystematic manner, attempted a disintegration of several others into sup-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed component elements of different dates and origins. Mr. J. M. Robertson has followed the same course, although he is looking rather for traces of collaboration with Chapman or another. Now comes Mr. Dover Wilson, well equipped in technical scholarship, and with marshaled arguments for all his theories, and compels us to face them.

Let us see the worst of it. In any particular text of the canon there may be a dozen or a score of possible contributors to be borne in mind. There is an old poet, still showing through, perhaps, in such passages as the doggerel of *The Comedy of Errors*. There is Shakespeare, revising the old poet, writing original matter, revising himself — more than once, it may be. There are possible collaborators. There are later poets or playhouse hacks, revising and abridging, and interpolating songs and masks and topical allusions. There is the censor with his inspired alterations.

There is the tiring-house contingent: the bookholder, making cuts, inserting stage-directions, preparing a plot and parts for the actors, 'assembling' these, perhaps, if the 'original' was missing; the actors themselves, writing their gags into their parts; a pirate actor, supplying an unscrupulous publisher with his own part and as much of the rest of the play as he could remember. There is another pirate, the shorthand-writer sitting in a gallery and taking notes. There are the hypothetical transcribers at various stages. There is a conceivable dictator, introducing errors of the ear. Ben Jonson seems to have dictated *Sejanus*.

The dictator may make his reappearance in the printing house, where also the copy must undergo the attentions, perhaps of an editor, and certainly of the compositor with his sufficiency of small beer, the pressman with his habit of wiping out bits of type and replacing them wrongly, and the press corrector with his arbitrary and piecemeal corrections. No doubt the poet had an opportunity of intervening at this stage. Jaggard was prepared to supply both proofs and revises, but when the Folio was printed Shakespeare was not there to deal with them.

It is indeed a disquieting prospect upon which we look down from the peak in Darien, a quagmire in which even the good horse bibliography may well founder. The dangers are real ones, not merely Herodotean bogies for the discouragement of travelers. Shall we ever win our way through them to our Shakespeare? With so many causes at work, shall we ever, by the processes of conjecture, arrive at a secure filiation between any particular effect and its cause?

The most plausible hypothesis, in such circumstances, is always likely to be met by a counter-hypothesis equally plausible. For example, Mr. Wilson finds that in some plays the usual notes of entries are omitted, and replaced by lists at the head of each scene of the participating characters in the order of their entrance. He infers that these are 'assembled' plays, and that the character lists are taken from the 'plots.' It may be so; but the same result might be attained, quite otherwise, by an editor attempting to follow, in rather blundering fashion, the scene arrangement of neoclassical plays.

Certain considerations may make for our comfort. A qualitative analysis is not a quantitative one. The sophisticating factors may be all present and in a degree operative, but not in such a degree as materially to interfere between us and Shakespeare's workmanship. The main vision may be unobscured by the veils which dim this or that corner of the picture. And indeed, did not the plays as we read them justify at least so much optimism, we should not be troubling ourselves about them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Obviously all the texts are not on the level of the 'bad' Quartos. And, secondly, we must discount Mr. Dover Wilson a little. He takes his rôle of bibliographical detective very seriously, and is apt to arrive at revolutionary conclusions on the basis of quite small disturbances of the text.

It may be true that the printing of verse as prose, which is so common a feature of the early editions, is best explained as due to the misunderstanding by the printers of marginal additions to the manuscripts, written continuously in cramped spaces. But such marginal additions, even if they are rather numerous in a particular play, are not necessarily evidence of a complete recast of its structure. They may be only afterthoughts of the poet at the time of original composition. A broken line, again, may signal a cut; it may also be a deliberate suspension of the rhythmical flow of a verse paragraph.

Mr. Wilson's instinct seems to us to be against the conservative solutions. His treatment of *The Tempest* asks us not merely to accept the mask as a later insertion, but also to regard the whole play in its present form as the last term of an evolution during some earlier stage of which it was 'in all likelihood a loosely constructed drama, like *A Winter's Tale* and *Pericles*,' and contained 'pre-wreck scenes' dealing with events which now form part of Prospero's expositions. We have weighed his inferences from textual disturbance one by one and find them extraordinarily frail as supports for any such fantasy.

This is, of course, largely a matter of subjective temperament in the evaluation of cumulative evidence. In any case this is not the time for a detailed criticism of Mr. Wilson's constructive or destructive work; our object for the moment is to indicate the kind of problem which, as a representative of the new research, he puts before us, and the kind of solution to which he tends. We think that he does not make sufficient allowance either for Shakespeare's offhandedness, his want of curiosity about joining his flats, or for the ease with which incongruities pass muster upon the stage which seem glaring enough beneath the microscope of a critical reader.

But he has thrown down a gage which conservative scholarship will have to take up sooner or later.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HIATUS

BY E. J. W.

From the *Manchester Guardian, March 27*
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

THE monastic ruins of England, it has been observed, are the quiet witnesses of a past which we are too easily inclined to relegate to the dusty region of ecclesiology, forgetting, if we ever had the wit to understand, what manner of men those old monks were in ultimate defense of whom half the countryside of England once rose in armed rebellion. By pure good fortune I chanced the other day upon an old forgotten fragment of history, so whimsical and human that one despairs of exercising a faculty light and graceful and roguish enough to lend it a truthful coloring.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century, it appears, before the Dissolution was thought of, there lived and prayed and fasted in St. Leonard's Priory, at York, a fat monk called Brother Jucundus. He had not been long in the House. He had joined the Order, it was believed, in a fit of remorse 'after heavy potations on the occasion of the installation of a new Lord Mayor.' That is all one can learn definitely about the man prior to his entry of St. Leonard's. But reading intelligently between the lines one is unable to resist the opinion that he was of that large type of mind, 'broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture,' which, with an apparently universal tolerance for Nature in all her vagaries, contrives easily and naturally to reconcile a thousand conflicting principles that haunt our lives.

In the absence of a miracle it is rarely that such men are appreciated by their contemporaries. But how in the case of this monk the miracle actually occurred his story reveals in a sufficiently interesting manner.

It was inevitable, sooner or later, that in the cloistral seclusion of St. Leonard's Brother Jucundus should perceive the opportunity of a riper experience than could readily be gained from the ruder life without. It was in our monasteries that our parliaments met, that our annals were compiled, that our classics were copied and preserved; above all, perhaps, that the very humanity we inherit found an adequate expression for its noblest aspirations. The mayoral banquet, it is only just and reasonable to assume, was merely the occasion, and in no sense the cause, of Jucundus's astonishing and sudden conversion.

In remembering, however, that he had an immortal soul the man forgot the mountain of flesh that God had given him for a body. It was his misfortune to have been born too soon. *Mens sana in corpore sano* was a doctrine the sweet wisdom of which was not to be discovered, ecclesiastically at least, until a later age. Gargantuan laughter, Brother Jucundus quickly perceived, was the only sane and suitable reply to a fate which imprisoned a living spirit in flesh and bone.

Yet the irrevocable vows were upon him. For life he was bound 'to eat only vegetables and bread, drink very small beer, and sleep only six hours in the night.' Convivial songs, it is gravely reported, 'floated through his mind when he ought to have been chanting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Psalms of David, and the flavor of sack rose upon his palate when he looked dolefully at dinner time into his mug of "swipes."'

A year passed by and Jucundus decided that he must have one solitary 'fling' or he would die. As the monks rose at midnight the Priory was silent, save for their snores, from one o'clock until two. At two o'clock on the day of the great York Fair the little community awoke to a condition of things that was unprecedented. The porter, it appears, missed his keys; the Prior missed a crown from his money-box; and, upon the monks being summoned to the Chapter House, all missed Brother Jucundus.

That worthy in the meantime had enjoyed himself as only boys, barbarians, and other geniuses know how. There is authentic evidence to prove that he had seen the bearded woman and the spotted boy, that he had gone round in a whirligig on the back of a wooden horse, that he had visited the show of dancing dogs and the drinking booths, and that he had won his pockets full of nuts which he 'cracked every now and then and washed down with a draught of really good ale.'

He was just going up on a great see-saw, a foaming tankard in his hand, roaring at the top of his voice, to the immense delight of the bystanders, '*In dulce jubilo-o-o*, up, up, up we go-o-o,' when he espied two monks from the Priory who had been sent out in search of him. Brother Jucundus, in a great panic, made a desperate attempt to scramble out, but in doing so he tumbled down; and either the fall, it is magnanimously suggested, or disinclination to return just then to the Priory weakened his legs so much that he had to be put into a wheelbarrow and rolled home.

The Chapter was still sitting, and he was wheeled straight into the midst of the brethren for immediate trial. In reply to the Prior's demand for his defense he looked round the assembly with the 'kindest, most winsome smile' lighting up his face, and murmured confidently, with a hiccough, '*In dulce jubilo-o-o*, up, up, up we go-o-o.' As he made no attempt to justify himself in any more helpful way, he was immediately and unanimously sentenced to be walled up alive in the Priory cellar. A confused glimmering of his situation must then have penetrated his mind, for all the way down the cellar steps he was heard muttering to himself in the quietest but most deliberate tones: 'Down, down, down, we go-o-o.' In a convenient niche — a cruse of water and a loaf of bread placed, with cruel refinement, by his side — Brother Jucundus, it is briefly related, was soon walled into a living grave. . . .

But the brethren overlooked a fact which the curious may verify for themselves to this day — that the walls of the monastery adjoined those of the neighboring Abbey of St. Mary's; and so they did not dream that after they had abandoned the monk to his fate he kicked and struggled and pushed to such vigorous effect that the wall behind him gave way with a crash, and he found himself forsooth in the cellar of the adjacent monastery.

Now the Abbey of St. Mary's belonged to the severe Cistercian Order. Strict silence was one of the rules of the Society, and accordingly, when Brother Jucundus appeared in the cloisters, no one turned to look at him or ask him 'how the Saints he had come there.' He took his place at table and occupied a pallet in the common dormitory, and it was assumed, if anyone thought about him at all, that he was an ordinary monk who had joined the little community in the ordinary way.

If it had been dull, however, in St. Leonard's it was duller in St. Mary's,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and when the anniversary of the great York Fair came round Brother Jucundus decided that if it was impossible to celebrate the occasion in the city he would do so in the wine cellar. He was discovered unfortunately the following day, fast asleep, by the best cask of malmsey, and sentenced forsooth to a form of punishment with which he was not now altogether unfamiliar. The Cistercian brethren, however, little knew that the niche in which they secured the degraded monk, and which they discovered conveniently at hand behind a heap of crumbling stones, was the very niche from which he had escaped from St. Leonard's twelve months before, to appear so mysteriously in their midst. . . .

It chanced that the cellarer of St. Leonard's had just descended the Priory steps and was filling his pitcher with small beer when he heard strange, muffled sounds proceeding from the wall behind his ear. He was immediately all attention and experienced little difficulty in making out these words: '*In dulce jubilo-o-o*, up, up, up we go-o-o.' It was the voice of Brother Jucundus, whom he had helped to immure in that very spot twelve months before.

'Down went the pitcher,' the chronicle proceeds, 'and away fled the monk, amazement on his countenance, "A miracle, a miracle!" on his lips, to his brethren just issuing from the Church after the recitation of sect and the office for the dead around the body of their Prior, lately deceased, and that day to be buried.' There was a rush to the cellar; eager hands, we are told, tore down the wall — and from the niche, which still contained a fresh loaf and a cruse of water full to the brim, stepped Brother Jucundus.

There could be no doubt that this was a divine interposition to establish his innocence. With one voice all the monks shouted, 'Saint Jucundus our Prior,' and on their shoulders they carried him upstairs and installed him immediately in the seat of authority in the Chapter House.

Of what had happened since he had seen the brethren last, Brother Jucundus never spoke a word. Under him, our chronicle concludes, St. Leonard's jogged along pleasantly enough, and he did much in his long rule of the monastery for its discipline and good order 'to excuse, if not to justify, the dissolution which fell upon it immediately after his death.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY OBJECTIONS TO GOLF

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

From *St. Martin-in-the-Fields Review, April*
(London Parish Monthly)

I am old enough to remember very distinctly the first coming of the game of golf to the city where I live. It came in that insidious but forceful way that characterizes everything Scotch. It was similar to the spread of Scottish drapers, the Scottish Church, and Scotch whiskey.

The exact circumstances were these. One afternoon in April, when the wind was on the new grass, three Scotsmen went out to a hill slope near the town. They carried with them three crooked sticks and a little ball. There was firmness in their manner, but nothing obviously criminal. They laid the ball down and began to beat it about on the grass.

In fairness it must be admitted that they made no parade of the matter. They did not seem to challenge observation. They paid no attention to the few mystified people who watched them. At the end of about an hour they were seen to sit down under a brier bush; there they remained for some time; it was thought at the time that they were either praying or drinking whiskey. Opinion was divided. But the real truth was that they had formed themselves into a golf club.

This, I say, was on a Saturday. Had the city been well advised, these men could have been arrested on the following Monday. A judicious application of the vagrancy laws, or a rather free interpretation of the Sedition Acts, might have forestalled at the outset a grave national peril.

But nothing was done. Indeed, at the moment, little was thought of the matter, or, at any rate, little was manifested in the shape of public indignation or public protest. Even when six Scotsmen appeared on the ground the following Saturday, and twelve the week after, and twenty-four on the last Saturday in the month, few people, if any, realized the magnitude of what was happening. The news that a golf club had been formed in our city was presently printed, quite openly, in the newspapers as if it were an ordinary event.

One must even admit that a very lively curiosity mixed with something approaching to envy began to surround the afternoon gatherings of the Scotsmen. There is something in the sweep of the wind over the April grass, something in the open space and the blue sky, that conveys an insidious appeal to the lower side of a man's nature. It is difficult to sit indoors at one's desk and know that other men are striding over the turf.

Moreover, the ingenious expedient of carrying out a ball and beating it round with sticks supplied a color of activity and purpose that acted as a drug upon the conscience. Had it not been for this use of the sticks and the ball, the players would have appeared as mere loafers. But the evident earnestness with which they followed their avocation robbed it of every appearance of idleness; and the public was entirely deceived as to its character. In short, it was not long before the game began to exercise an evident

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effect upon those who at first had been idle spectators. They became anxious to join in. Here and there, by a very obvious and cunning piece of policy, they were invited to try their hand. The spectator then found to his surprise the peculiar difficulty of the game.

He discovered that, simple though it looked, it was not possible for him to place the ball on the ground, take a drink of Scotch whiskey, and then hit it with the stick. He tried again and again, but failed each time. The natural result was that he solicited membership in the club, and reappeared on the following Saturday with a ball and stick of his own, and with a flask of whiskey on his hip. The Saturday after that he turned up in a pair of knickerbocker trousers, a round tam-o'-shanter hat, and a Cluny Macpherson tartan over his shoulders; after that, as far as any general utility to the community went, the man was lost.

I remember well, some eighteen months after the club started, realizing how far already the movement had gone when I heard the head of our greatest bank accost the chairman of a railway company with the words, 'Hoot, mon! It 's a braw morning the day!' Up till that time language of the sort would have come under the criminal code.

I have since learned that this same kind of thing was going on all over the country just as it was in my own city. Men were appearing in the business streets in the Cluny Macpherson tartan. Some even had tall feathers stuck sideways in their tam-o'-shanters. At more than one public dinner the music of the bagpipes was not only tolerated but even applauded. On every Saturday, and presently even on week days, men were seen lifting long bags filled with crooked sticks on to the tramcars.

In those days the public at large was still innocent and ignorant. We had not even heard the word 'propaganda.' Otherwise, we should have seen under all this a dangerous organized movement for the sale of the poetry of Robert Burns.

The original club of which I speak soon took further steps. They erected a kind of wooden structure on the ground where they played. It was a modest affair — merely two large rooms, one a sitting-room, with easy chairs, for talking about golf in, and the other a rest or silence room for thinking about golf in. The ground on which they played was supposedly public property. They had no shadow of right to build upon it. But any attempt at ejectment was rendered out of the question by the fact that they had enrolled among their membership all the leaders of the Bar and all the senior judges.

This last point, indeed, went strongly in their favor throughout. Even when they had left the modest building of which I speak, and were spreading over the landscape, it was plain that the game of golf had insinuated itself most daringly into the structure of our legal institution.

A decision of the courts decided that the game of golf may be played on Sunday, not being a game within the view of the law, but being a form of moral effort. Another decision laid down the principle that a golf club need never close the bar, not being a bar within the legal meaning of the term, but a place of rest, insomuch as the drinks sold are not drinks as known to the statute, but a form of recuperation. In the same way, the pay given to a boy attendant, or caddy, is not pay but a reward, and exempts him from the Cruelty to Children Act.

The excess-profits tax, the license tax, and the property tax do not apply, it is held, to the premises of a golf club, as it is a religious institution; and both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Privy Council and the High Court are said to be preparing decisions to the effect that consuming whiskey in or near a golf club does not constitute a breach of the law, provided that it is taken only when needed, and in the proportion or quantity needed, and that it is not made the subject of treating. But I anticipate: these decisions belong, of course, to later days. I was saying that in my own town, and no doubt everywhere else, the golf club idea, once started and established, soon spread.

The original ground was abandoned. A vast stretch of beautiful land that might easily have supported hundreds and hundreds of hogs was laid out into a golf course. It was whispered that the ground was not purchased, but seized; this is no doubt untrue, but it is an undeniable fact that this beautiful hog-pasture was presently laid out into flat lawns and greens. In reality, nothing more is needed for the driving of a golf ball except a straight piece of air two hundred yards long. But it is a nice pretense of the game that a whole landscape must be seized and occupied to the exclusion of agriculture, manufacture, and all other uses.

In the case of which I speak, the vast purposelessness of the affair was concealed by the cunning device of setting out tomato cans and red flags at irregular intervals. By walking among these the players are made to appear as if pursuing some known object. The position of the flags is so contrived that each player is led in a circular course, and returns at intervals to the club-house, where he may take a drink and start again. Each set of drinks is called a 'round.' Of course, an expert player can make a round far more rapidly than a beginner.

One large club, I say, was established. Yet even after it was definitely in operation very few people realized the way in which it was disturbing our civic life.

It was noticed, indeed, that the schedule of trains of our greatest railway had undergone marked change. A great number of suburban trains were introduced, and a sharp discrimination made against long-distance and other needless traffic. A branch line was built in a convenient situation for a natural obstacle or bunker for the golf course. But few people connected these changes with the fact that the manager of the railway and the entire directorate were members of the golf club.

A new stage of development presently appeared. There is a certain kind of animal, so biology teaches us, which increases its numbers by simply dividing itself in two. The original animal is called, I think, an amœba. But the real type of the species is the golf club. If you put one of them out in the landscape and leave it there for a year or so you presently come back and find two, and if the two are left unmolested for a short period, they presently turn into four.

Where the landscape is especially favorable, where Nature has spread out her fertile land all ready to make bunkers, and her pure streams all ready to mix Scotch whiskey, the two clubs will even turn into six.

Such has been the case in our city, and, I imagine, in every other. There are now twelve golf clubs in the vicinity with ten others being organized. The area now covered occupies, it is said, twelve thousand acres. One passes in the train from the crowded confines of the city to the wide expanse of the golf clubs. Everywhere there are little greens, and tin cans, and red flags, and club members in knickerbockers. Each year the city is more and more crowded. Each year the golf area is bigger and bigger.

Nor is there any public protest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each year more and more men, hitherto respectable God-fearing citizens, are being caught in the lure of it. It is difficult to say just what the fascination is. But it is there. Sometimes I think that it lies in pretending to be a Scotsman. It may be that; there are so many things about the Scots that attract — their contempt of rain, their peculiar nerve in wearing a hen's feather in their hat, their comprehensive ideas on damnation — that it may well be that the golf members are simply trying to be Scotsmen.

In addition to that I blame Sir Harry Lauder a good deal; and undoubtedly Robert Burns has a lot to answer for. But taking it as you will, the golf club has become a grave national menace. In my own city we are, I suppose, beyond redemption. We have golf tournaments, golf teas, and golf dinners, golf trains and trams and golf motors. The use of the bagpipes is everywhere tolerated and we eat haggis on St. Andrew's Day.

But if there are any cities in which this insidious movement is still in its infancy, I can only exhort them to suppress it while yet there is time.

WILD CREATURES' FEET

BY R. CLAPHAM

From the *Spectator, April 7*
(London Conservative Weekly)

There is a saying that an army marches on its stomach, but even a full-fed body of men cannot travel far unless their feet are in good condition. We humans suffer from various foot-complaints, chiefly owing to the fact that our boots and shoes are too tight; whereas the Indian, with his soft moccasins, gives his toes free play and therefore does not suffer from lack of circulation in his feet. The Red Man lives very close to Nature and uses simple footgear, so that he is akin in this respect to the wild creatures whose feet are equipped by the same all-wise dame for the work they have to do.

Look at a wild animal's feet and they will afford you a great deal of information concerning the habits of the creature. Compare, for example, the feet of the fox and the domestic cat. Those of the former are of the 'hare' type, while the feet of the latter are much shorter and rounder. The claws or nails of the dog are a fixture, whereas those of the cat are retractile. The elongated, close-knit, and shallow-padded foot of the fox, with considerable hair between the toes, is suited to an animal that travels long distances across country, and which frequently pursues its prey at speed. The cat's foot, on the other hand, being round, short, and with a deep pad, is useful to an animal which pursues its prey by stealth and seizes it often by a sudden rush not long sustained. None of the feline species is given to running long distances, and, though all are capable of traveling at great speed for a short spurt, they cannot keep it up like the wild dog, the wolf, or the fox.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you set your dog on to a cat which has taken to a wild life in the woods puss will make off in a great hurry; but if her canine pursuer gains upon her she will at once climb the nearest tree, where, with her fur fluffed out and making horrible grimaces, she will revile her enemy. The dog's claws being short and blunt, it cannot use them to cling to the bark of a tree trunk, whereas the cat's claws are needle-sharp, and so she can climb nearly as well as a squirrel. Those same sharp claws, too, are used for seizing and holding prey, whereas the domesticated hound or the wild dog uses the mouth only for that purpose. A cat will make a stroke with its paw at a bird or other quarry, but the dog leaps with open mouth, and you hear his teeth click together if he fails to make good his hold.

Turning from the dog and cat to the rabbit, hare, and squirrel, we find in the case of all three that the hind feet are considerably larger than the fore. No doubt in the long ago both rabbit and hare were inhabitants of the hills, and Nature provided them with large hind feet and powerful quarters to enable them to run swiftly up steep grades and thus keep clear of the wolves and other enemies. Both creatures have the soles of the feet well covered with hair, which acts as a non-slipping medium on ice or frozen snow. The hind feet, too, are capable of considerable lateral expansion, and this aids the animals' progress in deep, soft snow. This is best exemplified in the Canadian swamp-hare, otherwise known as the 'snowshoe rabbit,' which turns white in winter and travels over the snow which lies to a great depth in the cedar swamps of the Northern woods.

The red squirrel, which spends a great part of its time in the trees, is provided with powerful quarters and large hind feet as an aid to climbing and springing from point to point. Here again the hind feet are capable of spreading, and this helps a squirrel to maintain its grip on the bark when coming headfirst down a tree trunk. The squirrel's toes on both fore and hind feet are very long, while the claws are curved, of fair length, and sharp as needles.

Although the squirrel's build fits it admirably for an arboreal existence, its most deadly enemy, or perhaps I had better say its one-time deadly enemy, the pine marten, is built just like the weasels. Nevertheless the marten could catch a squirrel in the trees, and though its four legs and feet are proportional it has large feet for its size and they spread considerably when necessary. The squirrel uses its fore feet for holding nuts and other food, and the pine marten will do the same with an egg. On the ground the squirrel, like the rabbit and hare, never walks, but proceeds in bounds or jumps.

Turning to the ubiquitous brown rat, we find that its hind feet are much larger than its fore, and that their shape is very like that of human hands. The claws are fairly sharp, though often rather worn down, particularly on the hind feet. The rat is a very good climber, and it descends a tree or wooden fence just like a squirrel, with its hind feet spread and turned backward and outward. Its tail being prehensile is an aid to it in its arboreal and other excursions above ground.

When we come to hoofed animals, such as the cow, deer, and horse, we find they possess hard feet, which, except in the case of the horse, are cloven. Here, again, the toes are capable of considerable lateral expansion, and when a deer is traveling at top speed or over very soft ground the tracks show the toes widely spread.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is perhaps best exemplified in the case of the caribou, which is able to cross very soft ground with ease. When the caribou walks, its feet make a clicking sound, and one hears the same thing with domestic cattle. It is supposed that the sound is useful for keeping the individuals of a herd in touch with one another when on migration.

Being composed of horny substance, the feet of deer and horses are affected by climatic conditions. In a dry climate such as one finds in parts of Western America, horses can travel long distances without shoes, for their feet remain hard, and the same applies to deer and wild sheep. In desert country the animals' hoofs are free from moisture, and even on hard, rocky going their feet are not much worn down.

Whatever wild creatures you examine, it will always be noticed that their feet are admirably suited to their mode of life. Certain animals, such as the badger, mole, and hedgehog, are provided with long and powerful claws, the two former being by far the best diggers of all our British wild things. In the case of the hedgehog, its claws are used for unearthing insects and the like.

The fox digs, and so does the rabbit, but they are not in it with the badger and the mole when it comes to real hard underground work.

The only wild animal in this country which possesses webbed feet is the otter. Although the animal belongs to the weasel family, it has gradually taken to a semiaquatic existence, and Nature has therefore provided it with feet which aid it when swimming. It has short claws and is capable of both digging and climbing, though as regards the latter it is inferior to both stoat and weasel.

Although the feet of wild animals are of Nature's selection, that does not mean that they are necessarily free from accidents and abrasions on rough going. I have seen an old wound on the foot of a fox showing where a portion of the pad had been at some time or other sliced off. This was probably done on the sharp edge of a piece of slate or rock, as the fox was an inhabitant of the mountains. Deer occasionally suffer from overgrowth or other deformity of the feet; but taken as a whole the feet of the wild things do not give them a percentage of the trouble that falls to the lot of us poor humans who wear boots of tight fit or shoes with unnaturally high heels.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MEMOIRS OF THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

BY GERARD BAUËR

From *L'Écho de Paris, March* 15
(CLERICAL DAILY)

WHAT we know of Théodore de Banville we have not learned from any biography; we owe it to the man himself. No learned scholar has set himself to investigate the origins of the poet or the marks of his first footsteps. This extremely lovable man, whose name is celebrated to-day in almost all the newspapers, has never been the subject of any very lively curiosity until now.

Perhaps this is because of his aloof and reserved existence. Banville passed through the folly of Romanticism without being greatly touched by it. He kept free from 'Satanism,' he wounded no hearts like Byron, nor tasted of artificial paradises like Baudelaire. He lived simply, wisely, yielding to poetry and to friendship the better part of himself. He wrote a good deal, and he wrote very regularly.

Théodore de Banville wrote his memoirs when he was reaching his sixtieth year, so that he is quite a normal being. In our day, poets write their memoirs at twenty, which is, after all, a little early, and they are delighted to permit us to behold hearts that are dry and cynical — at twenty years! At sixty Banville still had illusions and indulgences, and his prose gleamed in that 'incarnate' fashion which it would not be displeasing to find to-day in some of our young contemporaries. His memories exhale a sweet fragrance, and taken together with the *Lettres chimériques* they constitute the better part of Banville's work in prose.

The three first chapters of his *Souvenirs* are devoted to his impressions of childhood. Every man has a touch of talent when he is describing his own youth. The simplicity of the impressions that are recalled, the emotional stir at touching them again, bring about and lend to the style a kind of delightful grace, and many a great writer has created his masterpiece simply in telling the story of his childhood. These first chapters are excellent. They have a pretty touch, a good style, without mannerism, without strain, familiar images, a genuine charm. The poet is telling the life of his grandfather, Jean-Baptiste Huet, a judge at Paris, who, after meeting a nice young girl at Moulins, fell in love with her, married her, and settled down there as an advocate. He was a gay man, with a charming personality, who always got his clients off when he pleaded for them.

This *homme d'esprit*, at once a man of intellect and a lover of the good things of life, had a daughter who became the poet's mother. Banville greatly admired his mother. One feels it in the fashion in which he describes her as a young girl: 'She is as beautiful as daylight, the child born of a happy love, and her parents were never so glad as when they watched her running, dishevelled and laughing, in her white dress, or strolling about the green lawns, picking the gooseberries and mulberries, and making inroads upon their flowers.'

Later on, Théodore de Banville grew up as a little boy living with his parents and his grandmother at Moulins, where, like his mother, he had been born. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old lady and her grandchildren lived almost side by side, and young Théodore, when he entered the school 'kept by M. Perille and his assistant-master Dusselle,' never ceased to greet his grandmother before his parents. His youth passed thus between two tendernesses, and engaged in satisfying both. 'In both places I had my little customs, my notebooks, my books, and my toys — especially my toys, of which I had an appalling quantity — and above all, with perfect regularity I dined twice every day.' It is all told in a delightful fashion with many a simple detail that reveals the poet and his tender heart.

When it became necessary for him to undertake more serious studies, the little Banville was sent to Paris to a *pension* in the Rue Richer, of which he retains dreadful memories — an atmosphere of poverty and oppression, gray rooms, monotonous comings and goings, and a semiannual entertainment consisting of a performance at the *Théâtre Comte*. This theatre soon became a horror to Banville, who got to know the performance in every detail, even to the least pun made by M. Comte, who never changed his patter once: '*O ciel!* That pun of his! I had heard it twice last year, and all the years before, and at a certain time that nothing could stave off I was going to hear it again, introduced and got off in just the same way. At the moment when it was about to burst forth I could have wished that the whole hall might be shattered, that the world might come to an end, that some unexpected cataclysm exterminating the whole race of mankind might come to prevent the unendurable return of that dreadful sensation!'

But Banville listened to this pun twice a year for eight years, and the world never came to an end once in all that time! Nevertheless he did not come to despise puns forever, nor quite so much as he says, since he has given them a kind of hospitality in his own poetry.

Once he had written these chapters on his younger days, Théodore de Banville does not speak of his maturer years except in connection with the men and women whom he knew and depicted. This, no doubt, is due to a praiseworthy reserve and modesty. If he mentions his first efforts, it is in order to introduce an account of how Alfred de Vigny received him when at twenty he visited that poet to show him his first verses. Banville was trembling, débutant poet that he was, with his beardless face hidden behind his long blonde hair that hung about it, when he left his book at the door of Comte Alfred de Vigny in the Rue des Écuries-d'Artois. But that evening Banville found a card at his home on which the author of *Eloa* assured him of his sympathy and made an appointment with him. He was there the next day and made his way into an imposing salon filled with respectful visitors. Then de Vigny took the young poet aside and showed him his book covered with notes and remarks. M. de Vigny did things well, and he read attentively the works of his juniors.

Théodore de Banville knew almost all the great men of his time, and he speaks of them with a fine respect and a just homage to their talent where a poet is concerned. Perhaps his portraits contain more graceful anecdotes and affectionate remarks than they contain estimates of characters and profound literary judgments, and yet Banville does not make mistakes as to the qualities of men. Although he venerated Gautier and by no means misplaced his keenest friendship (for Gautier was to become a magnificent literary man and a fine artist), he describes Balzac, whom he saw but once, in a striking way that is delightful and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that one feels to be just. He met Balzac at the *Société des gens de lettres*. 'At that time,' writes Banville, 'it was proposed to make this placid organization something rational and not altogether useless to literary men.' Banville listened to the orators who were uttering a good many stupid remarks and was becoming extremely irritated at all this folly, when, lifting his head to protest, he saw opposite him 'a man with a luminous head, powerful, hairy, lighted by all the flames of courage and genius.'

Banville felt these eyes of fire upon him and realized that Balzac was reading his thought like a book. While his mind worked, the novelist in his observatory was assigning to him — using his glance alone while his lips remained mute — blame or encouragement. Banville soon left the hall where the sittings were held. 'As I was going out,' he writes, 'I felt an arm — the arm of Balzac! — pass under mine, and without further preliminaries the great man continued the conversation already commenced. Where did all of us human beings begin? In what star? In Orion? In Sirius? In what life before our own? All this made no demands on me, and I could not dream of asking myself, for I had been drawn involuntarily into a supernatural current where I had suddenly lost even the faculty of being astonished.' A curious trait, which proves well enough Balzac's magnetic power — of which, after all, no one who has read his work will have any doubts.

There is no pride in these memories of a poet, but simply truth set down as he found it and as he saw it. Other chapters depict with justice and without evil shadows the great masters, Baudelaire, Victor Hugo, Gautier, Alexandre Dumas. Théodore de Banville regarded Hugo as the greatest poet of the century, and after him ranked Heinrich Heine, who is indeed a remarkable poet. Poetry is of his very essence, mysterious and supernatural. These two poets, however, whom Banville ranked side by side in his admiration, were not especially fond of one another, and haggled over the compliments.

Banville in his *Souvenirs* does not bargain with those whom he admired. This poet was a loyal man of a sweet disposition, without bitterness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LALA MEIMUNA

A MOROCCAN LEGEND

TRANSCRIBED BY FENECH MUÑOZ

From *La Vanguardia, March* 20
(Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily)

This happened in those golden times when the faith of the True Believers was firm and sincere. Allah — whose name be glorified! — the gracious and omnipotent, the only Lord, source of glory and goodness, He who commands the *djinn,* or evil spirits, and whom all mortals are bound to praise, resolved to show his satisfaction in the just conduct of his chosen people. By sending his divine blessing upon a few men of virtuous life, he enabled them to accomplish such wonderful feats as inspired the faithful Moslems with great admiration and sowed confusion and discouragement among those who opposed the doctrines preached by the Prophet—let the Lord's blessing descend upon him!

Near a small camp in the Garb, close to the dwelling of Sofian, there lived a pious woman by the name of Lala Meimuna, whose extraordinary virtue and godliness astonished all her neighbors. At the same time Muley bu-Selham, also just and virtuous, lived in a small cabin built near the seashore and the mouth of the river Maud Drader, which feeds that vicinity. And still another anchorite known by the name of Sidi Ali el Tayar devoted his days to prayer not far from these places, singing glory to Allah and praying that the blessing of the Lord and of his angels might descend upon his faithful servants and bring them happiness and quiet and freedom from the molestations of the djinn.

Saints, although virtuous people, have little defects of their own. And the weaknesses of the two pious anchorites were of such a nature that they invoked a most terrible punishment upon the whole countryside; indeed, the furious waves of the deep sea itself would surely have annihilated everything upon the coast were it not for the pious meditation of Lala Meimuna, the saintly woman who lived in the Garb in those distant times.

One day Muley bu-Selham, wearing his cape, was quietly fishing at the seashore in order to rest himself from his long hours of prayer and to provide for his livelihood. Several times he pulled up his line without having the good luck to find even a small minnow biting. Presently the saint, who was not of a very patient disposition by nature, began to feel annoyed by this delay, when his comrade Sidi Ali el Tayar joined him. The two hermits exchanged a few words, one of them surly, the other full of good humor, on the subject of the poor results of Muley bu-Selham's fishing on that day.

Then, for a while, the two men kept silence. The line remained perfectly quiet. The djinn of the sea intended to irritate the virtuous Muley bu-Selham with his ugly jokes. When a long time had passed without any change in the situation, Sidi Ali el Tayar, — 'he who floats in the air,' — who was looking ironically at his companion, decided to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surprise him with an extraordinary and amusing miracle. He rolled up his wide sleeve and plunged his right arm into the blue waters. In a few moments he pulled it up, holding a fish fast by each of the long hairs that covered the skin of his arm.

The miracle performed by his companion of prayer and penitence considerably darkened the already sombre mood of Muley bu-Selham, who for a while remained as if in ecstasy, thinking of some way to surprise his anchorite friend. Just when Sidi Ali was most occupied in collecting the abundant fruit of his fishing venture, Muley bu-Selham tore his cape from his shoulders and, in order to show the immense power with which Allah had endowed him, waved his cape and bade the waters follow him, swearing at the same time that he would drag them far enough to enable the young maidens of the city of Fez to wash their hands in the briny sea.

Followed by the obedient waters, Muley bu-Selham walked up the bank of the Drader toward Fez. This city being far from the coast, the entire land of Garb would have perished under the waves if Allah had allowed that servant of his to fulfill his oath. But the kind-hearted Lord, who looks down upon his faithful with benevolent eyes, directed the steps of Muley bu-Selham so that he came directly upon the cabin of Lala Meimuna.

The general commotion that the oncoming waters produced in the neighborhood advised the pious woman that a disaster was approaching. Meimuna precipitously left her cabin and beheld the flood and Muley bu-Selham waving his cape and guiding the waters over the land. She went to meet him and fearlessly reproached him for his conduct, telling him how foolishly he was destroying fields and dwellings for the sake of his pleasure in seeing his rival saint drowned.

But the supplications of Lala Meimuna could not curb the will of the hermit, who found himself under obligation to complete his vow. However, the Lord, who always guards his faithful flock, inspired the pious woman with a fortunate idea which enabled Muley to fulfill his oath without ruining the neighborhood.

Meimuna raised her eyes to heaven; and at a gesture of her hand and a forceful call of her voice there appeared in a miraculous way several young maidens from Fez who washed their hands in the advancing waters of the sea and thus stopped its onward course. Whereupon the maidens retired as mysteriously as they had appeared.

Muley bu-Selham had fulfilled his vow, and the village was saved from horrible disaster. It still bears the name of the saintly woman who saved its people in such a wonderful way; and her remains are kept sacred in a much-honored tomb. And close to the village and to the mouth of the Drader River there still exists the great lagoon Ez-Zerga or Muley bu-Selham, as a testimony of the power which a hermit had exercised over the sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

A DRYAD IN SUBURBIA

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*New Witness*]

In my back-garden I have known
A sudden gust set all the green
A-flutter on the poplar-cone
Divinely blown by lips unseen;
The scarlet-runner leaves would twirl
Round poles they bind from stem to top —
A mast whose bannerets unfurl,
A dancing girl whose flounces drop.

'T was no bird's flutter made them spin;
No wind-surge from a flock that went
From plot to plot with merry din
Made them begin *their* merriment.
There was no sound, there was no stir,
But sudden consciousness of words
From some diviner messenger
Whose voice was there in place of birds.

There is a dryad in my tree,
And wise she is and shakes with mirth,
And all the leaves dance mockingly
At you and me, vain lords of earth.
She laughs to see how wroth we wax
And wrangle for our right and due,
And roundly damn the income tax
Till mirth nigh cracks her bole in two.

And in a trice she 'll overcome
With mirth the garden where I dig,
Till not a single plant is dumb,
Chrysanthemum to a poplar-twig;
And last of all, I too must grin
Who deem myself a sorry loon
To fret for what 's to pay or win,
A leaf drawn in the dancing tune.

LOWERY COT

BY L. A. G. STRONG

[*The Lowery Road*]

This is the house where Jesse White
Run staring in one misty night,
And said he seed the Holy Ghost
Out to Lowery finger-post.

Said It rised up like a cloud,
Muttering to Itself and loud,
And stood tremendous on the hill
While all the breathing world was still.

They put en shivering to bed,
And in three days the man was dead.
Gert solemn visions such as they
Be overstrong for mortal clay.

GREEN RAIN

BY MARY WEBB

[*Spectator*]

Into the scented woods we 'll go,
And see the blackthorn swim in snow.
High above, in the budding leaves,
A brooding dove awakes and grieves;
The glades with mingled music stir,
And wildly laughs the woodpecker.
When blackthorn petals pearl the breeze,
There are the twisted hawthorn trees
Thick set with buds, as clear and pale
As golden water or green hail;
As if a storm of rain had stood
Enchanted in the thorny wood,
And, hearing fairy voices call,
Hung poised, forgetting how to fall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SCHOLARSHIP AND THE FALLING MARK

In all countries where the exchange balance is extremely unfavorable, science and scholarship, which even in wealthy America often have a sufficiently bad time of it, are seriously hampered.

The *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin has undertaken a survey of the situation in the capital of the Reich. 'One reads of relief measures and foreign assistance on behalf of science, and reaches the facile conclusion that its condition has been much improved,' says the editor. 'Answers to the question that we have put to the directors of the chief institutions of learning and research in Berlin indicate clearly in what a doubtful position science really finds itself. If assistance in greater proportions than hitherto is not provided, the danger increases that many a famous course of study will within a few years die out in Germany for lack of young blood.'

Among the institutions at which inquiry was made are the Botanical Gardens, the Egyptian Seminar of the University of Berlin, the Institute for Cancer Research, the Seminar for Christian Archæology, and learned bodies dealing with such varied subjects as geology, German history, German maps, dentistry, Jewish archæology, and English literature.

At the same time, a careful survey of the actual reports of the heads of these institutions indicates that the characteristic enthusiasm, *Gründlichkeit*, and voluminous theses of the German are by no means in danger of disappearing from the face of the earth.

In the English Seminar at the University of Berlin — over which the celebrated philologist, Alois Brandl, presides — the total number of students is still about three hundred, as compared with from three hundred and sixty to three hundred and eighty in ordinary times. None of the institutions appears to see any immediate prospect of suspending its work entirely, although they are all inevitably handicapped by the adverse exchange, which makes it extremely difficult to keep in touch with the progress of investigation outside of Germany.

Perhaps the most seriously handicapped of all is the Institute for Cancer Research. As an example of its difficulties, Professor Dr. Ferdinand Blumenthal, the Director, gives some prices of the animals necessary for investigation. A mouse costs a thousand marks, a rat three thousand. Experiments on rabbits are almost impossible, not only on account of the cost of the animals, but also because of the extreme expense of feeding them.

The Reichsamt für Landesaufnahme (National Survey) has been compelled to confine its work to maps of most immediate value, and its chief, Lieutenant-General D. Weidner, expresses the fear that the long break in its work during the war, followed by the present difficulties, will lead to the decay of its triangulation system. Its staff has been greatly reduced, but it is assisted by many German topographers who give their services without any pay whatever. The Kaiser Wilhelm Institut für Physik has no buildings or equipment to keep up and concerns itself solely with the administration of a fund for the support of scientific investigation in theoretical and experimental physics. Before the war, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Institut enjoyed a yearly income of 75,000 marks. In the past year it had 300,000, which, however, represented only 1000 gold marks. Help from abroad, however, will enable it to dispose of 22,000,000 marks, or 4400 gold marks, in the coming year.

While the German scientists are in difficulty, it is worth noting that the invaluable English *Zoölogical Record* has troubles of its own. There is only one other bibliographical guide to zoölogical literature in the world, the German *Archiv für Naturgeschichte*, which is nine years behind and of very little use to an investigator who wishes to be strictly up-to-date. It is therefore of peculiar importance to zoölogical research that the *Record* should be kept up. The cost of preparation and printing is £1900 a year, and the sum received from sales and subscriptions is about £800. The Council of the London Zoölogical Society is recommending that the Society shall not undertake any further volumes without substantial assistance. The British Museum is supporting the appeal for assistance; Lord Rothschild, whose services to entomology have been very great, is also supporting it, and efforts are to be made to secure contributions from scientific societies and other bodies.

✠

THE MORAL OF STAGE MACHINERY

Mr. Edward Shanks, assistant editor of the London *Mercury*, a poet and also a dramatic critic, who was questioning the value of the most recent advances in stage lighting a few weeks ago, again relieves his soul on the subject of stage machinery in the London *Outlook*. Mr. Shanks's standing as a critic, as well as his unusual ability to see two sides of a question, makes his views worth heeding: —

'After all, it has never been possible to despise the cinematograph as a birth of the fertile mind of man, though it has always been possible to doubt whether man could ever adequately express his feelings by this means. Mechanical toys are vastly entertaining: it is absurd to pretend they are not. There are moments when any one of us would rather spend his half-crown to see an automatic chess-player than more money to see a first-rate performance of *Macbeth*. We run, and rightly, to see such novelties as gliding-machines or to hear such novelties as wireless concerts. We should not be Europeans if we did not; and on the whole there is something in being a European.

'But we must be careful in distinguishing between the pleasure given us by mechanical toys and the pleasure given us by great drama. We must be careful, because if we are not we run the risk, on the one hand, of improving great drama out of existence, on the other hand, of being unduly superior to the pleasure capable of being derived from mechanical toys. The mechanical toy as applied to the stage is a comparatively recent innovation. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch argues that an immense advance must have been made in stage-machinery during Elizabethan times, and points to the demands made by *The Tempest* as a proof.

'However that may be, this particular element in stagecraft stood still between the storm that Prospero raised and the present century. Then, principally in Germany, the superfluous energy of the inventive engineer was poured into the theatre. At first it was used for no more far-reaching purpose than to perfect what had already been imperfectly attempted. There were revolving stages and sliding stages, evolved for the purpose of eliminating long waits while scenery was changed. Nobody would find

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fault with this sort of improvement, though, as Mr. Macgowan has recently pointed out, it generally seemed to lead to longer waits between scenes and to the employment of a vastly greater number of stage-hands. However, the principle and aim were good.

'But the appetite grew with what it was fed on. What better place was there for the exhibition of mechanical ingenuities than the theatre? And now the producer with a taste for machinery threatens us with an altogether unprecedented revolution in the technique of the drama. I am apprehensive lest these new effects, just by reason of their immediate effectiveness, should overwhelm what I must consider to be, after all, the greatest part of the drama, the part best capable of expressing and affecting the mind of man — that is to say, the word written by the poet and spoken by the actor. In order to avoid this, we must be prepared to think of a new sort of theatrical entertainment in which the author expresses himself deliberately through mechanical effects. But this will need the evolution of a new technique; and meanwhile the technique of the film is not yet evolved.'

✾

DESTROYING THE EVIDENCE

PARIS was agog a few weeks ago over the announcement by M. Arthur Mayer, editor of *Le Gaulois*, that no matter what it cost he intended to purchase and burn an autograph letter of Gustave Flaubert in the collection of Robert de Montesquiou. The letter was included in a first edition of *Salammbô*. It contained three or four sentences of extremely erotic character which M. Mayer considers damaging to Flaubert's memory. Twenty years ago M. Mayer purchased and burned on similar grounds a letter written by Alfred de Vigny to Marie Dorval.

All is not smooth sailing, however, for the puritanic Parisian newspaper-owner. Several eminent critics, with M. Paul Souday at their head, have raised an outcry over the proposed destruction. M. Souday complains that the document in question contains Flaubert's views of the theatre, which ought not to be lost merely to protect the morals of the Parisians. He declares that if he were sufficiently wealthy he would outbid M. Mayer, but of this there is no prospect.

The whole controversy is rather amusing in American eyes in view of the proneness of Europeans to accuse everyone on this side of the Atlantic of 'hypocrisy,' especially where affairs of this kind are concerned. Destroying evidence in this fashion is at best a dubious and certainly anything but an honest way of bolstering up the reputations of Flaubert and de Vigny — which rest on literary grounds anyhow. It is painful to think of the clamor that the Parisian press would raise were an American millionaire to indulge in such a display of the power of the purse as M. Mayer's.

✾

TAXING TITLES

THE English Labor Party is advocating legislation providing a tax on all persons who have titles. The tax is to be graduated according to the dignity attaching to the title. It has not yet been said whether this arrangement will extend to the head of the State himself.

The most amusing comment that has so far been made is, as usual, by 'Lucio' in the *Manchester Guardian:* —

I call it a positive scandal
That titles should not be assessed;
All owners of names with a handle
Should promptly be brought to the test.
Whatever the form of coercion
The peerage should pay for prestige,
Assessed on this latter-day version
Of *noblesse oblige.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each duke would be honored (and rightly)
By a very stiff price on his head;
No earl should be let off too lightly,
And barons, of course, would be bled;
The knight and the baronet bloated
Would pay as assessors thought fit,
And even esquires might be noted
And touched for a bit.

Oh, think what a lot of new money
Would fall to the Chancellor's store;
I call it remarkably funny
The plan ain't been thought of before;
Enough, I should hope, would be made to
Let some of us flourish tax-free
And permit of a small grant in aid to
Plain misters like me.

✠

WHY THE DEAD SEA IS SALT

In a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Wilfred Irwin discussed the chemical composition of the River Jordan, which is responsible for the extreme saltiness of the Dead Sea. Analysis of samples taken from different parts of the river shows that even near its source the water is highly impregnated with various salts, chiefly common table-salt and chloride of magnesia. As the water passes through the Sea of Galilee there is a slight increase in its salt content, but the calcium sulphate and the silica which it also contains decrease.

In the immense evaporating pan of the Dead Sea the salt — that is, the sodium chloride — is crystallized, whereas the magnesium chloride remains in solution.

✠

NAMING A BARBER

Le Masque de Fer, who usually has something peppery to say on the first page of *Figaro*, contributes a flippant little note on the banishment of a French word from the German barbershops as a result of the Ruhr excursion. Apparently the objectionable noun had survived the horrors of four years' war, but the Ruhr was too much.

'*Friseurs!* That was what the German barbers have always called themselves. In all the shops where they practised their art the German capillary artists invariably styled themselves *friseurs*. But they cannot do it any more. This French word sets the hair of the patriots to bristling over there, and those who continue to make use of foreign words will be compelled to pay a tax that is absolutely prohibitive. If German barbers want to dodge this tax, they must adopt the charming title of *Hauptverschönerungskünstler*.

'Ouf!'

✠

TSARITSA TAMARA

Tamara, ancient Queen of Gruzia (Georgia), is the heroine of Knut Hamsun's latest drama, which was for the first time presented at Berlin and is described in the Russian daily, *Dni*. Hamsun's favorite characters and emotions find their expression again in this piece. We have the same superindividualism, the same proud attitude of the heroine, who is outwardly unconquered and unconquerable, and in her heart is passionately waiting for a conqueror to appear. The two parties to the duel in this case are Tamara and her husband, Prince Georgi, whom she does not appreciate as long as he does not show himself as her lord and commander. He brings her a war prisoner — a Mongolian Khan to whose Oriental charm she almost succumbs while trying to convert him to Christianity; but her servants murder the prisoner in time to avoid a grievous moral conflict. Then Prince Georgi understands his wife. He betrays her to an enemy tribe, places himself at the head of a hostile army, and presents himself under the turrets of her castle as a conqueror. She appears to be very much satisfied with this dénouement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Gambetta, by Paul Matter. Paris: Payot, 1923.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle*]

THIS little book is certain to make Gambetta known and loved. In one hundred and fifty pages M. Matter has reconstructed the great political drama that he dominated. The years of his youth and his early days in Paris are recounted with that good grace and liveliness that surrounded the young Gambetta himself. From the time of Baudin's trial, the battle begins. The accusation that Gambetta then launched against the Empire remains one of the most courageous acts of republican faith. It is also the beginning of his political life and of the trips that he made all over France like a 'drummer of democracy,' as one of his enemies remarked.

Then comes the war. Nothing could be more stirring than that last sitting on July 6, 1870, when Gambetta tried to stop the machine that was already in motion.

'Gambetta,' says M. Matter, 'could not preserve the integrity of the nation's soul. He could not compel victory. But he did teach. Through him we learned how a people can rise again from the worst disasters if it does not despair of itself and its future. The national defense of 1870 was the cradle of the national victory of 1918.'

Still longer pages are devoted to Gambetta's part in setting up the Third Republic. During its worst years he showed himself a dauntless fighter in spite of sickness and in spite of personal troubles. In 1881 he succeeded at length in forming his first ministry, but that lasted only three months.

M. Matter is to be thanked for having thus recalled the figure of the great Tribune.

Louis Napoleon, and the Recovery of France, by F. A. Simpson. London: Longmans, 1923. 21*s.* net.

[*Bookman*]

THE second volume of Mr. Simpson's life of Louis Napoleon begins with the Prince-President's struggles with the Constituent Assembly and ends with the negotiations that terminated the Crimean War. To attempt in the course of a thousand words to go over the whole ground which the Cambridge historian covers would be manifestly absurd. I shall start, therefore, by giving a summary of the new information about the period, derived by Mr. Simpson mainly from his examination of the dispatches of our ambassadors, which he has consulted at the Records Office.

First, then, it is to be noted that as early as 1849 Louis showed his desire for peace in two remarkable proposals made to Palmerston, the first for a reduction of French and British naval armaments, the second for the calling of a European congress to discuss all questions which might provoke a war. (Palmerston 'turned down' both of these proposals.) Secondly, the various utterances of Louis on the subject seem to prove beyond a doubt that he was eager and enthusiastic in his desire to bring about the liberation of Italy, and that he only restored Pope Pio Nono to Rome in order to prevent this inevitable restoration from being effected by a reactionary Austria.

Thirdly, we learn that Palmerston, who lost office owing to his hasty welcome of the coup d'état, might probably have retained it if he had only read those prolix dispatches from Normanby in which the British Ambassador, presumably an Orleanist, had often predicted such an event and applauded it in advance. Fourthly, Mr. Simpson tells us — stowing the news away in his 'bibliography' — that Kinglake broke his promise to reveal the authorities for the indictment of Napoleon III, which he made in his *Invasion of the Crimea*, by consigning the bulk of his papers to the fire before his death. Which information he supplements by informing us, 'on the authority of a very near relative of the historian,' that Kinglake was 'an unsuccessful rival for the favor of Louis Napoleon's most famous English mistress, the so-called Miss Howard.'

To get at the main political ideas of a ruler who bore so striking a resemblance to the conspirators and melancholy heroes of the French romantic drama of the thirties and the forties, will always prove a sufficiently difficult task. The President who founded the first entente with Great Britain became the Emperor whose military preparations forced us to raise an army of volunteers. The would-be liberator of Italy had the hardihood to occupy Rome for twenty years and to annex territory so obviously Italian as Nice and Savoy. The apostle of 'self-determination' would have handed the Balkan States over to Austria and would have created a Poland to which neither Germany nor Austria need have surrendered the provinces they had stolen.

The consistent opponent of Austria expected that the Hapsburgs whom he had humiliated and defeated would come to his assistance in his own hour of need. The nationalist who spoke

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French with a German accent and welcomed the union of the German States brought about that union only too effectually by blundering into the war with Prussia. The liberticide who massacred 1200 liberals to make the coup d'état, and proscribed 30,000 others to consolidate it, mellowed into the liberal Emperor who patronized Free Trade, raised a statue to Cobden, and in his latter years reigned as a sort of constitutional monarch. What is one to make of a man guilty of this sort of inconsistency save to regard him as a sort of latter-day Rienzi, incapable of taking long and sober views, or a dreamy adventurer hypnotized by the sense of his destiny and of his star? This is more or less the view which the Cambridge historian takes of Louis.

The Making of the Western Mind, by F. Melian Stawell and F. S. Marvin. London: Methuen, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Spectator*]

A CAREFUL compilation that aims at giving the general reader some idea of the history and development of European civilization. It is divided into four sections — ancient, mediæval, Renaissance, and modern — and in each section the history, religious, philosophical, and scientific thought, the arts and manners of the period under survey, are sketched for the benefit of those who like knowledge in tabloid form. The volume concludes with a chronological table, and also contains a number of illustrations of art and architecture.

Arthur, by Laurence Binyon. London: Heinemann, 1923. 6*s.*

[W. L. Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph*]

THERE may be some depreciatory criticisms to be passed on Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Arthur*, and it is possible that to some readers the movement of the poem may seem stilted and heavy. But it is right to recognize, once for all, that it is a fine piece of work, nobly designed, and carried out with no little literary skill; that it also possesses a studied eloquence which in some passages strikes a note above mere rhetoric. It is the more necessary to insist on these points because few efforts of the same sustained loftiness and vigor are even attempted in the present day, still less presented with the same careful attention to grace and style.

The performance of *Arthur* at the Old Vic was the occasion for a storm of applause so genuine, so warmhearted, so unanimous, that Mr. Binyon might well feel that he was amply rewarded for all his generous trouble, and that his tragedy came near to being a masterpiece. Unfortunately, it does not reach that level — it is rather a heroic enterprise in which success is nearly won; a stately edifice built up, story by story, with patient and assiduous effort; a poem of which all men will speak with respect, and only a few will admire. Perhaps reminiscences of Tennyson's *Idylls* are a positive disadvantage to the later poet, especially because Mr. Binyon seems almost to challenge a comparison in the choice of his episodes. But the banquet scene, which stands at the centre of his drama, in which Mordred finds opportunity for his poisoned gibes and innuendoes, forms an original and most effective picture of the dissensions and rivalries of the Table Round.

The Lowery Road, by L. A. G. Strong. Oxford: Bernard Blackwell, 1923.

[*Sunday Times*]

To pass to *The Lowery Road* is to leave the great world for the country village; yet, as the author of *The Shropshire Lad* has shown us, life may pulse as fiercely in a village as anywhere, and, indeed, Mr. Strong has some pretensions to being to a corner of Devonshire what Mr. Housman is to another county. He is not a mere disciple of the latter, however, as appears, for example, from 'Lowery Cot.'

The poem 'Man's Way' has humor of a delightful subtlety, but it is in the more distinctively Devon poems that Mr. Strong is at his best.

[The poem 'Lowery Cot' appears on A Page of Verse.]

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

MASSON, ROSALINE. *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.* London: W. & R. Chambers, 1923. This work is designed to be a companion volume to the recent publication, *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.* It is twenty years since Sir Graham Balfour wrote the best-known life of Stevenson, and new material has become available in the meantime.

PONSONBY, ARTHUR. *English Diaries.* London: Methuen, 1923. This is a collection of diaries, including in all one hundred and twenty, and ranging from Edward VI to the biologist whose diary was recently published under the name Barbellion. There are many entertaining diaries of obscure people and several private diaries never yet published. The editor has added an introduction upon diary-writing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

317 — 4119

Wild Folk

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

"This new book of animal life by Samuel Scoville, Jr., will appeal to readers of all ages. It is pre-eminently a book for the family living-room table. Mr. Scoville has the dramatic sense; he works his stories up to a climax, all the time keeping the events quite within the bounds of possibility, so that we become as much concerned over the fate of his different hunted animals as if they were human beings. The work is saturated with instruction and entertainment."

Illustrated. $2.00

Everyday Adventures

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Mr. Scoville describes with zest and sympathy the wonders and beauties which the city dweller can find near at hand. In these papers he proves himself among the fortunate few who can be called interpreters of outdoor things. — *Boston Transcript.*

Illustrated. $3.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

and

Miscellaneous Addresses

by William D. Guthrie

of the New York Bar. For ten years Ruggles Professor of Constitutional Law at Columbia University

A book of timely interest for thinkers. A clear analysis of one of the most important topics of the day, by the author of "Magna Carta and other Addresses."

8vo. Cloth, $2.00

At All Book Stores

Published by

Columbia University Press

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY NEW YORK

Finding Youth

A Human Experience

By Nelson Andrews

THIS is the story of how the modern Ponce de Leon discovered the Fountain of Youth. It is a story of success, of the success not of the young man battling energetically against tremendous odds, but of an apparently played-out old man who gets his second wind in life and advances by colossal strides when seemingly he is "down and out."

The outstanding feature of the book is the air of reality and of evident sincerity with which it is written. There are many who will derive help and encouragement from Harvey Allen's message of youthfulness and good cheer. — *New York Herald.*

$1.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

THE NOTION-COUNTER

A Farrago of Foibles

Being Notes About Nothing, By Nobody

Illustrated by Somebody **Dedicated to Everybody**

THESE gay little sketches and notes about present-day folks and conditions contain some of the favorite papers from the Contributors' Club. "Shell-Shock in a Shoeshop," "My Wife's 'Telaphib' List," "Parables in Motors," "Reel-Life," and other familiar subjects are discoursed upon with merry wit and philosophy. It is a timely little book, whether you want an appreciative token for a delightful hostess, or just a happy companion for your vacation trip.

The *Boston Globe* says: "Every page is filled with whimsical humor and the comical illustrations add to the joy of the reader. It is a delightful little book to carry in your pocket on brief journeys or to pick up in your moments of leisure. It can be recommended as a gloom dispeller."

$1.00

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stone & Webster Pioneers in Water Power

Stone & Webster were among the first to build water power developments and power lines employing high tension transmission.

For thirty years we have been pioneers in the water power industry, financing, constructing and managing leading developments, including many of the largest plants and the longest and heaviest transmission lines.

If you contemplate investing in water power securities our experience can be of great value to you. Not only are our recommendations based on a fundamental knowledge of the industry but we offer only securities which have stood analysis by the experts of our own organization.

STONE & WEBSTER

INCORPORATED

BOSTON, 147 Milk Street. NEW YORK, 120 Broadway CHICAGO, 38 S. Dearborn Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED